

The Nation.

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The Week.

No one calls this an era of good feeling, politically speaking, yet it has proved nearly or quite the best year in this country's history for those who appeal for votes on the ground that there is nothing to choose between Democrats and Republicans. The minor parties, which do not learn their standing and successes until the curiosity of every one else is satisfied, are only now celebrating their triumphs in the recent election. We have heard but little from the Populists, to be sure, but the publications of Socialists and Prohibitionists are full of cheering news. Such phrases as "100 per cent. gain," "200 per cent. gain," "300 per cent. gain," are scattered liberally through their organs. Instead of a dispersed vote, of no importance anywhere, the minor parties now seem able, by vigorous campaigning with good candidates, to cut pretty deep into the solid party votes. The same growth of independent sentiment which made the voters discriminate between Hughes and his colleagues in this State, or between Johnson and his in Minnesota, has weakened greatly the force of blind partisan loyalty against which the independent or third-party candidate always had to contend. The immediate result is that our legislatures are ceasing to represent only two parties. Out of all the legislatures chosen in 1904, the Populists had 2 members in Alabama, the Prohibitionists 2 in Illinois, and the Socialists 5 in Wisconsin. The Socialists have increased their legislative membership in Wisconsin, and elected for the first time members in Illinois, Florida, and virtually in Pennsylvania, where two candidates of the Federation of Miners have been sent to Harrisburg. The Prohibitionists have gained three members in Minnesota, one in West Virginia, and at least one additional in Illinois (where the cumulative system of voting improves the chances of third candidates). A Prohibition nominee with Republican endorsement was elected in New York, and one with Democratic endorsement in Massachusetts. Thus, however slight the influence such scattered fighters may be able to wield, the reforms for which they stand will at least cease to be voiceless.

The postal service has always been in this country the standard example of Government ownership and operation. On the one side, its low rates are contrasted with the high rates of the express companies; on the other, its re-

curring annual deficit is pointed to as conclusive evidence that a private corporation could do the work better. Last week, a group of Chicago capitalists actually made the formal offer before the Congressional commission to take over the Post Office bodily. The private firm professes itself willing to cut first and second-class rates in half, giving penny letter-postage, yet at these figures to wipe out the deficit, make 7 per cent. profit for the company itself, and turn all receipts above that rate into the Treasury. What has the Department itself to offer by way of alternative? Well, the most concrete proposal at present seems to be that of Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden, to the effect that the rate on periodicals be raised from one to four cents a pound. Beyond the quadrupling of this single rate, against which convincing arguments can certainly be urged, there are no innovations in sight. Probably a well-managed corporation could bring about an equilibrium between receipts and expenses, with the present extent of the service. But the publicly managed Post Office attained this equilibrium in the eighties, before rural free delivery was invented. If it had not been for that innovation, there would have been no deficit, as careful computations show, for three years past. Neither rural delivery nor the low second-class rate was originally adopted as a pure business proposition. Congress regarded both as measures of general public good. We do not suppose for an instant that Congress will give such a stupendous contract to any private interest. But the incident ought to have a wholesome effect notwithstanding. This year's deficit is four million dollars less than last year's. There are ten millions more to be saved. What would happen if the railway contracts were scrutinized as microscopically as the second-class list?

Rear-Admiral G. A. Converse's proposal to remove the marines from our men-of-war will renew an old and bitter controversy. For years before the war with Spain the navy was divided into two camps—those who favored the retention of the marines on ships, and those who wished them removed. The leaders of the latter faction were the then younger officers, headed by Lieutenant (now Commander) Bradley A. Fiske. The war in Cuba and the Philippines, resulting as it did in the enlargement of the Marine Corps, and in the increased activity of the navy, ended the controversy temporarily. The marines are an exceptionally fine and an ably-officered body of men. Their presence on warships is, however, a survival of the days when the sailors were

the scum of the earth, impressed men, ex-convicts, and gutter-snipes generally. A strong and well-disciplined guard was then necessary to prevent mutiny and disorder. The modern sailor resents having a guard over him, and this part of the marine's work is now of so little importance that he is used to man a gun, just like the bluejacket. For landing parties and quick service like that in Cuba recently, the marines are still of great value, as they are a very mobile body.

The Standard Oil Company's appeal *ad misericordiam* is comic, bathetic, or exasperating—according as one takes it. That this overgrown corporation should fall a-whimpering when it is spanked, speaks more for the power of public opinion than for the power of reason in its managers. What they say about the extent and importance of their export trade, and of the competition they have to meet abroad, is perfectly true; but if they imagine that considerations of that kind will make people overlook what they have done at home, they evidently have not the faintest notion of the popular odium under which they rest, or of the public with which they have to deal. To beg for support as a great patriotic institution, is not only impudent, even for the Standard Oil, but wholly aside from the real point at issue. That is merely whether these supplicating gentlemen are or are not law-breakers. Detailed charges that they have repeatedly and knowingly violated the statutes have been officially made against them, and suits are now pending in the courts to determine whether they are criminals. Until that question is decided, we think their confidences had better be confined to their lawyers, and that their begging for mercy should be reserved for the judge, and not wasted upon a distinctly cold public.

"It is a murder trial solely and simply," says Gov. Gooding of Idaho regarding the approaching trial of certain officers of the Western Federation of Miners, for complicity in the murder of ex-Gov. Steunenberg. Now that the Supreme Court has disposed of the allegation that the extradition of the men was illegal, there is no excuse for making it appear anything but a trial of individuals for a definite crime. A few months ago in this city some thousands of Socialists were marching under red flags and transparencies to protest against the "railroading" and attempted "murder" of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone. The highest court of the land has now held that the method by which the accused men were brought from

Colorado to Idaho was legitimate. It remains for the authorities of the latter State to carry out their admirable determination, "that the men accused of the murder of ex-Gov. Steunenberg should have a fair and impartial trial before the best and squarest jury that Idaho could produce; that they should be completely cleared if innocent, and hanged by the neck until dead if guilty." There undoubtedly exists in the mining States a hostile sentiment quite as unreasoning and as little entitled to respect as that of the agitators who cried "judicial murder" half a year before the trial was set. But Idaho has such a chance as seldom comes to any commonwealth for impressing the lesson that the law is above any special interest, whether of capital or labor.

The trial of Cornelius P. Shea, the head of the Chicago Teamsters' Union, who was able to paralyze the business of that city last winter and fill its streets with rioters, should be overlooked by no student of labor unions. The Garment Workers' Union, having a little strike of its own on hand, wanted aid. According to the testimony of Albert Young, who has turned State's evidence, the agent of the Garment Workers distributed \$1,500 among six leaders of the teamsters, for the purpose of "buying a strike" of their men. Young was not very enthusiastic over this, because the teamsters were getting on well with their employers, had no complaints, and "ought not to get into trouble." But the \$1,500 did its work. Out of "sympathy" for the down-trodden garment workers, the teamsters struck—with what consequences for the city our readers may remember. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were lost to employers who could not move their goods, and to employees thrown out of work—merely in order that Shea and his followers might each put less than \$300 into his pocket. This sordid story could be duplicated in many sections of the country. Such crookedness damages the cause of labor unions more than all the machinations of capital.

Richard Olney has an article in the *Inter-Nation* welcoming the advent of organized labor in politics. What is plainly in the mind of this old-fashioned Democrat, is an acute realization of the peril lest our system of government, and the American ideals underlying it, be harmfully modified. He dreads the gradual disappearance of equality before the law. The mounting arrogance of special privilege is as alarming to him as it is hateful; and he looks about for some political force which may be powerful enough to stay these evil tendencies. Mr. Olney enumerates the ends for which organized labor ought to strive in politics. They are worthy ends

—equal opportunity for all men; no taxes laid to enrich particular classes; opposition to graft and extravagance, however disguised; the abolition of paternalism in government. It is undeniably true that labor unions, like all other associations of citizens, ought to contend mightily for these political principles. But can Mr. Olney open his eyes and look full at organized labor as we know it and still say that he perceives any such motives operative? He has only to read the official programme of the Federation of Labor to discover that what we have in trades unions in politics is only another class seeking special privileges. Nothing that the beneficiaries of protection ever asked, or that a moneyed oligarchy, thinking itself in control of government, ever greedily sought, is more grossly selfish, or discriminates more sharply against outsiders, than the avowed aims of trades unions. Labor leaders are not so much concerned to do away with the oppression by the tariff, as to win the legal power to do some oppressing on their own account. This is not strange. The protective system is bound to bring forth its perfect work in thus drugging the public conscience. When men are long accustomed to seeing a certain class empowered to tax their fellows, under the guise of protection, it is not surprising that they prick up their ears and set about getting their share of the plunder. Instead of correcting the abuses of special legislation, labor unions, taking to vote solidly, would only extend and heighten them. "They do not know men," said Burke of certain political philosophers of his day. We fear that it must be said of Mr. Olney that his idealistic article shows that he does not know labor leaders.

We note with pleasure the formation in Atlanta of a "Christian League" for preventing further mob outbreaks and aiding in the solution of the race problem. It is being organized by the Atlanta Business Men's Gospel Union, of which ex-Gov. W. J. Northen is president, in coöperation with the ministers of the city; and it is noteworthy that members of both races are asked to join. Its members are expected to "constitute themselves a sort of Southern legion of honor, hoping to be more powerful in preserving patriotism and high morality than all laws or law officers." If this sounds somewhat extravagant, the fundamental idea is one that cannot be too highly commended. Why there should not be a "steering committee" in each town and city, composed of the best and broadest of both races, has long puzzled the outside observer. Such committees could accomplish much in preserving the peace and in uplifting the negroes. The white members would find the colored ones ever ready to re-

spond to wise leadership and anxious to control and punish the criminal blacks.

Gross receipts of \$127,559.40 in 1905—these indicate what a business Harvard athletics have become. Football is, of course, the great money-maker, the receipts from that sport being \$85,353.66, "breaking all records" by \$17,000. Significantly, the expenses of training the team also increased from \$10,000 to nearly \$30,000—the latter sum being required to train forty or fifty men for a period of eight weeks, and pay salaries to trainers during the rest of the year. It must not be forgotten, however, that both this season and last the graduates were called upon to contribute to the salary and expenses of the head coach, whose dismal failure at New Haven is now a matter of record. Plainly, the itemizing of the \$30,000 expenses is something to be studied with care. The net football earnings last year were \$55,000, and of this sum \$27,000 was utilized to make good the deficits in other branches of athletics. Obviously, the English and the West Point custom of taking no gate-money for amateur matches, if introduced at Harvard, would necessitate a complete overhauling of our athletic methods. Yet we believe that the more publicity is given to the annual financial statements of our colleges, the more people will favor the adoption of the English system. The anomaly of a football team earning \$55,000, when the public and graduates are being urged to give money to meet legitimate university expenses, affords ground for thought—and action.

The new director of the German Colonial Department has found a novel use for African dependencies. The following is from the report of Herr Dernburg's maiden speech in the Reichstag: "Rebellious natives, though he regretted to have to make the assertion, had one advantage; namely, that of developing firmness of character in the colonists." In other words, if German Southwest Africa is a bit too arid to produce anything worth exporting, and a bit too hot to support a European farming population worth speaking of, it is nevertheless inhabited by a number of sturdy, fighting tribes, whose activities serve to make the colony an admirable field for nurturing in the German immigrants those military virtues which prolonged peace in Europe may have tended to weaken. It is a pity that this pedagogical theory of colonization was not explained to the Herero insurgents about a year ago. If they had been made aware that continued resistance on their part only served to emphasize the qualities of courage, initiative, and swiftness of action in one of the *Kultur* nations of Europe, they would not have interrupt-

ed the good work by surrendering inconsiderately after losing only 55,000 out of 60,000 souls.

News of the strife in Prussian Poland over the enforced use of German in the public schools, points to a growing restlessness among the minor Slav peoples of central and southern Europe, who have apparently succumbed to the violent epidemic of political megalomania now sweeping the globe. Pan-Americanism, Pan-Germanism, Pan-Islamism, Pan-Ethiopianism—we seem to be on the verge of Pan-everythingism. Greater Britain, Greater Scandinavia, and Italia Irredenta, face almost their burlesque in the demand for a Greater Servia or a Greater Croatia. It is true that the weak peoples are herein acting in no spirit of mimicry, but rather under compulsion through the advance of the giant races that threaten to engulf them. The movement for a Greater Moravia is essentially a reply to Pan-Germanism, as the movement for a Greater Illyria is the reply to wide schemes of Magyar ambition. To compass these programmes would only result in a patchwork map as crazy as that of the ancient Germanic empire. The influences that have encouraged the present striving among the minor races of Austria-Hungary and elsewhere have come primarily from Russia. The great lesson of the Russian revolution for the inferior races of Europe is that constant struggle for the preservation of national identity, no matter how seemingly hopeless, is justified because of the possibility of a political cataclysm that may make the dominant sovereign of to-day helpless to-morrow. Who would have ventured to predict, three years ago, the chance of dissolution threatening the huge mass of the Russian Empire, or greater liberties for the Armenians or the Jews, or a self-governing Poland? Yet a Russia reorganized as a federation of autonomous states is not beyond the possibilities of the near future. Indeed, federalism as the solution of the racial problem in Europe may prove to be the great contribution of the Russian revolution to the West as democracy was of the French revolution.

France and Germany, jealous and opposed in so many respects, are in unison at least in the matter of due protection of literary property. The agreement of 1883 between them has now been amended, extending the period during which an author may control the right of translation. Formerly, it was only ten years; hereafter, it is to run as long as the copyright. The new rule is to go into force with the meeting of the Berne Convention, two years from now. To that Convention nearly all civilized countries now subscribe, except

the United States. Our Government would like to do so, but a higher power—namely, the Typographical Union—prevents it. Rumania is also a nation that has not yet adhered to the Berne Convention for the international protection of literary and artistic property. But she appears to be preparing to align herself with England, France, and Germany, thus making the American isolation in literary barbarism the more pronounced. The Congress of Literary Property recently met at Bucharest, and the signs are reported to be flattering that the Rumanian Government will soon be found among the Berne signatories.

Norway is soon to rank with Belgium and Switzerland as a neutralized state, with its independence and integrity guaranteed by the Powers. While the tendency, nowadays, is to regard the neutrality of such states, in case of a great European war, with a good deal of skepticism, they nevertheless have a certain demonstrable value in times of peace as virtual little museums, or laboratories of statecraft, where new political ideas may be tried out and exhibited under special circumstances, on the chance that they may prove acceptable to the more powerful governments. Switzerland, of course, is the classic home of the referendum, and Belgium has demonstrated the fairness and practicability of proportional representation so successfully as to make the adoption of the system in the new Transvaal Constitution a possibility. So, too, the cause of international peace may draw appreciable profit from these small buffer states, as examples of prosperity and content without the drawback of militarism.

Faced by the possibility of a madman on the throne in the person of the present Crown Prince, Servian politicians and military leaders are reported to be planning the overthrow of the Kara-geevitch dynasty and the substitution of a member of some sovereign German house. Palace murders, pretorian elections, and a royal blood tainted with madness, yield a startling parallel between Imperial Rome and the little Slav Kingdom. The situation also emphasizes the swift pace of modern life even in so remote a corner of Europe. It took the Bavarian house of Wittelsbach a thousand years to spend itself in a succession of insane kings; and the misfortunes of the Hapsburgs are accounted for by an equally long period of sovereign power and interbreeding. But from the outlawed Black George who made an independent Servia, to the son of Peter I., is just three generations; while only two generations intervened between the founder of the rival line, Milosh Obrenovitch, and his impossible

grand-nephew, Milan I. In the meanwhile, it would appear that the poor younger sons of German princely houses are truly blessed, for in the course of time they are bound to inherit the Balkans.

News of the discovery of manuscripts in Central Asia, at least one in an unknown tongue, raises some hope of solving the great historical riddle of the Tartar Empire. We have reason to suppose that in high antiquity Central Asia was dominated by a Tartar race of considerable civilization. Sven Hedin and other travellers have found great cities half-buried in the sands of Turkestan, relics, apparently, of the race that overran Russia and actually conquered China; but so far we are quite without literary documents of these people, being dependent for their history on the testimony of their enemies. We seem to trace their influence in the designs on textiles and ceramics in Central and Western Asia; but such evidence is naturally of a slight and dubious kind. It has been hoped that the Pumpelly expedition would throw some light on these matters, but so far preliminary surveys have revealed chiefly the remains of very primitive peoples. If a German scholar is indeed to bring us information on the early history of the Tartars, it will be a sort of compensation for the havoc that German aniline factories are working in the splendid rugs of the Turcoman region.

Lovers of the picturesque should welcome the news of the abandonment of St. Helena by its British garrison. The greater part of the inhabitants, numbering some 3,500, will probably emigrate, since there are practically no industries on the island. This is as it should be. It was always an anomaly to think of St. Helena as an island like any other island in the gazetteer, with a population, and exports and imports, and savings banks, and possibly even a race-suicide problem. Deserted, it becomes a monument and assumes its proper sublimity as the rock on which Great Britain chained the Prometheus of European democracy. It is no doubt a pity that some thousands of peaceful natives should suddenly be deprived of all means of livelihood and be compelled to seek their fortune elsewhere; but a thousand lives or so are not a large item in the total bill of Napoleonic glory. As a matter of fact, the poorest among the inhabitants, who are a mixture of white, negro, and Chinese blood, will probably remain on the island scratching some sort of living out of the volcanic soil. Clambering over the site of Longwood, they will only add to the picture by enacting the part of the Bedouin tethering his horse in the ruins of Baalbec.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's Message is so long that few people will read it through. We cannot but regard a less lengthy document, which deals with a few important subjects, as far more effective. Such a Message—like Cleveland's famous deliverance on tariff revision—concentrates public attention and thus, indirectly at least, spurs Congress to move along the desired lines.

On two matters of actually pending legislation, the President speaks briefly. A bill to prohibit corporations from making political contributions has already passed one house of Congress. Mr. Roosevelt urges its final enactment. He might have referred with regret to the scandalous diversion of the money of policyholders in aid of his own election; but he has, at any rate, recommended a wholesome and needed law. Congress should give heed. Another bill, that for shipping subsidies, has gone through the Senate and is now before the House, and the President was expected to bestow upon it his blessing. But it is only half-hearted support which he accords this measure. He thinks that something ought to be done for our merchant marine; admits that preceding subsidy bills have been "objectionable"; declares that the pending bill is "as nearly unobjectionable as any can be"; but goes on to say that "if it prove impracticable" to pass it, he hopes that, at least, provision will be made for better communication with South America. This is too plain a preparation of a line of retreat to promise hard fighting. It goes with Mr. Roosevelt's description of himself some time back as "not much of a subsidy man." His failure now to make a "ringing" appeal for the bill will put heart into its opponents, and we hope foreshadows its defeat.

Two aspects of race prejudice the President discusses at much length. With most of what he says on lynching (almost wholly a race question) we thoroughly agree, and his appeal for equal opportunities for blacks and whites, in the schools and in the trades, is manly and truly democratic. Turning to our treatment of the Japanese, the President uses great plainness of speech in denouncing anything like discrimination against them. His recommendation that the Japanese who desire it be allowed to become naturalized American citizens will not be popular on the Pacific Slope; but international decency will remain international decency, and President Roosevelt deserves high praise for exalting it as he has done.

The chief interest of his message lies, however, in his discussion of the courts and injunctions; his new plans for control of corporations by license, or otherwise; and, above all, his coming out for a graduated inheritance tax and a graduated income tax. These tax laws he does

not urge Congress to enact; they are for the "future"; and the reasons for presenting these projects to Congress at the beginning of a short and crowded session are not apparent. Nor does the President urge his proposals for taxation as a means of raising revenue. Had he spoken out for the abolition of inequitable and oppressive tariff taxes, and then proposed these other taxes in order to provide the needed revenue, the scheme would have worn a different air. Whatever may be the Constitutional and other difficulties in the way of a graduated income tax, there is much to be said in favor of a graduated inheritance tax. Economists whose orthodoxy is unquestioned have approved this device. But they have approved it as a means for securing the money to carry on government. President Roosevelt emphatically bases his argument on another principle—his desire to reduce "swollen fortunes" and to promote a greater equality between the classes. We are not advocates either of swollen fortunes or inequality, but we do not believe that under our democratic polity the Government may safely attempt the regulation of this matter. We would have the laws against oppression by combinations of capital severe and severely enforced. We think imprisonment rather than mere fines the proper penalty for officers of corporations which defy the law. But, with full realization of the perils of capitalism, we cannot look with anything but dread upon attempts to limit the size of fortunes honestly acquired. That way danger lies.

The President is firmly convinced that he is a moderate man. He professes great abhorrence for "sinister demagogues." They are almost as hateful to him as "ultra-conservatives." He is the safe man of the middle course. His radicalism is of the sort necessary to preserve the Government. The benevolence of his intentions is, we grant, beyond question. Yet the good will of a President and the amiability of a Legislature are no warrant for an innovation that smacks not of the freedom and individualism of our political system, but of meddling paternalism.

THE NEXT WAR.

Japan has suddenly taken the place of Germany as the country that "we must fight next." Of course, we have got to fight somebody. That is one of the fixed points. To let our navy rust unused would be sinful—a manifest impairment of the vested rights of our shipbuilders. Besides, some nation or other is always getting too insolent, and needs to have its comb cut. Seven years ago, the swaggerer that it was our bounden duty to trim was Germany. Admiral Dewey himself had said it; and every grocery-store oracle could explain to you just why it was necessary for the Unit-

ed States to teach the Germans better manners. But that watched war has not boiled; and now we discover all at once that the great fight is to occur in another quarter. Japan, *voilà l'ennemi!* Such is to-day the watchword of the bellicose Washington correspondents. And every American official returning from the Orient is gloomily convinced that they are right.

To their godlike reason, looking before and after, the skies are filled with portents. The clash with the Japanese in California is only a minor incident. A race-struggle and a world-conflict are before us, if we may believe the prophetic imaginations of these young diviners of the newspapers. Is not the President visibly troubled? Then there is Secretary Root busily looking up precedents; while the Army and Navy Club is already deciding where the Japanese army of invasion will attempt to make a landing, and where the tremendous battle will be fought between the two fleets. And as for the bearing of the Panama Canal upon all this, any tyro can show that it is absolutely necessary to finish the canal before the Japanese move against us, and that at the same time it is absolutely certain that they will strike before we have got it finished. At present, says the *Paris Matin*, the Pacific Coast is "at the mercy of a Japanese surprise," so how can we expect the Japanese General Staff to be so stupid as to wait till we get them on the hip with our canal?

We have scarcely exaggerated, in the foregoing, the kind of talk which one sees more and more frequently in the press, and hears with increasing frequency in private conversation. Much of it, no doubt, is idle gossip—the sort of stuff that is all the while being invented to fill an empty column or a vacant mind. But it has a serious aspect. It betrays a misdirected and even dangerous mental habit. If a people is continually to echo Hamlet's estimate of bloody thoughts as the only ones of worth, from this time forth, the likelihood of bloody deeds following is inevitably strengthened. For a great industrial democracy to make war its preoccupation is not only absurd, but well-nigh criminal. Where the heart is, there will the treasure be also. Why should we think it necessary to fight anybody "next"? The steady ongoing of peace ought to be as much the basis of our hopes and calculations as is, to the farmer, the march of the seasons. War talk, even when there is actual danger of conflict, is usually a needless inflammation; in time of assured peace, it is nothing less than incendiary.

It would certainly be a portentous thing if the *ultima ratio* of kings should become the first resort of democracies. Yet to such a result does all this rash and premature muttering about going to war surely tend. Patient investigation

and honorable adjustment will come to be regarded as too slow and irksome. In the present friction with Japan, for example, there is not a particle of reason for supposing that the matter cannot and will not be peacefully and satisfactorily arranged. It is no occasion to complain that the Japanese are "cocky." If they are, we do not know what would be the proper adjective to describe the Californians in their dealings with the emigrants from Japan. What is certain is that the Government of Japan is asking only what she is entitled to as a nation with an assured rank now among the great Powers, and what she at least may assert as a *prima-facie* right under her treaty with us. It is clear, too, that Secretary Root is bent on doing all that he can to settle the difficulty in a way to redound to the honor and sense of justice of both countries. Under these circumstances, the duty of real patriots is to uphold the efforts of the Administration to arrive at a peaceful solution, and not to go about predicting war and bragging of the way in which we are going to whip the Japanese.

No one has advanced a single credible reason why the Japanese should want a war with the United States. Japan has all she can do to stagger under the burdens of her war with Russia. In the way of expansion and chances for her commerce, she has all that she can at present desire in Korea and Manchuria. On our side, we are under heavy bonds to keep the peace. Our presence in the Philippines makes it imperative, as Congressman McCall has again pointed out in the *Atlantic*, for us to avoid a conflict with Japan, since we should lose those islands at the outbreak of hostilities. But all military and Imperialistic questions aside, our responsibilities and opportunities as the leading republic of the world put their veto upon such a war. We could wish that they also stopped silly talk about it.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman scarcely exaggerated when he declared recently that the Lords had made of the Education Bill a "travesty" of the measure which was passed by the Commons. That the Peers would alter the bill in some particulars was fully expected; that they have made havoc with it, in the face of numerous warnings, has enraged the National Liberal Federation. The Archbishop of Canterbury admits that the Lords have gone "too far," and intimates that the time for haggling is at hand. Meanwhile, the situation has revived the old discussion whether the House of Lords should not be abolished. It is a great opportunity for the Radicals; indeed, Mr. Lloyd-George has been stumping the country for months, declaring that the upper house should be

thrown on the political scrap heap as soon as possible.

That any radical action will result from the opposition of the Lords is not at all likely. The Premier is determined that there shall be no tampering with the main principles of the bill, and insists that a way can be found to make the wishes of the country prevail. But that does not mean that the House of Lords will be done away with overnight. Lord Rosebery once said that "it must mend or end," and there are plenty of ways of mending it or of forcing it to yield to the will of the people, before abolition need be considered seriously. Moreover, this talk of abolishing an upper house is not always confined to England. There have been times in this country, notably when the Senate was so slow in repealing the Sherman Silver-Purchase Act in 1893, when there were loud calls for its extinction. Undeniably, however, there has been a steady growth of feeling in England against the Lords. This is largely based upon its general ineffectiveness. Yet thousands upon thousands of middle-class Englishmen fairly blessed the Peers when they put an end to Gladstone's Home Rule bill. Then faults were speedily forgotten, and the House of Lords appeared the saviour of the nation which the traitor Gladstone wished to dismember. A similar change of sentiment has been observed in the United States when the Senate rejects hasty and ill-considered legislation sent to it by the representatives.

Had Mr. Gladstone desired to abolish the House of Lords, 1893, when the second Home Rule bill was defeated, was the right time. Yet the Liberal Government not only declined to lead a crusade against the upper chamber, but even failed to avail itself of the opportunity to force measures through by the same means which carried the Reform bill of 1832—the creation of a large number of Liberal Peers pledged to vote for the desired legislation. This recourse was easier in 1832, when there were less than 400 lay and spiritual Lords, than to-day, when there are over 600. Indeed, if the present Prime Minister were desirous of packing the House, he would have to induce the King to create more than one hundred Liberal Peers. The threat of such action would undeniably influence the Peers not a little; for the older nobility is by no means desirous of having the aristocracy further enlarged. The use of such a threat has, moreover, always been held legitimate in bludgeoning the Lords.

Aside from those who, like John Burns and Mr. Lloyd-George, insist upon abolition as the only remedy, many persons offer plans for improving the procedure and membership, before destroying a body which, they maintain, can be made a valuable check upon the Com-

mons. Take the Trades Disputes bill, awaiting action by the Lords. Thousands of Liberals, otherwise in sympathy with the Government, earnestly hope that the Lords will defeat a measure which makes of the trades unions a privileged class in the eyes of the law. These remonstrants recall Oliver Cromwell's words: "I would not undertake such a Government as this unless there might be some other persons that might interpose between me and the House of Commons, who had the power to prevent tumultuary and popular spirits." They remember, too, that no Constitutional writer of any standing has asserted that Great Britain or its colonies can safely be governed by a single Chamber.

As a writer in the *Nineteenth Century* has pointed out, the Conservatives themselves have several times moved in the direction of reforming the Lords. In 1887, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach urged a "wise and careful change," which should give the Peers "greater popular authority and weight" than they possess. He wished the Lords to purge themselves of their black sheep, and suggested the awarding of life peerages, similar to those now held by lawyers and bishops, to able laymen. W. H. Smith, long the Conservative leader of the House, was then certain that a reform must speedily come from the Conservative party and the Lords themselves. In accordance with this view, Lord Salisbury in 1888 introduced a bill for the creation of life peerages and the elimination of disreputables. He had twenty years previously declared that it was the duty of the Lords to yield whenever "the opinion of your fellow-countrymen has declared itself, and you see that their convictions—their firm, deliberate, sustained convictions—are in favor of any course." Otherwise, he added, "the machinery of government could not be carried on." If public opinion is outspoken enough now, the House of Lords will yield. If not, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman may seize this occasion to insist upon changes which shall make the Lords a really responsible and hard-working legislative body.

THE KÖPENICK CAPTAIN.

Wilhelm Voigt, the renowned "Captain von Köpenick," has done much more than give all Germany the heartiest laugh of a generation. It was not because of his impudence and daring that the press persistently refused to regard him as an ordinary malefactor, and that his mild sentence of four years has pleased the public. Gifts of money and clothes, the promise of an annuity, and offers of aid of one kind or another, have poured in on him from all over Europe; his achievements have already been dramatized, and, until the police interfered, Germany was deluged with

picture post-cards celebrating his feats. Yet none of these things can be accredited to love of the startling, or to the German sense of the humorous. There is a deeper reason. It is as an unwitting protest against police tyranny and militarism run mad that Voigt's spectacular impersonation has struck home with the masses.

Badgered as they are by iron-handed authority, the people openly rejoiced that the laugh was on those whom they too often regard as their natural enemies. And when the criminal was, by the merest accident, captured, the story of his life made him friends wherever it was told. He had gone wrong when very young and forged a postal order; for this act he served no less than ten years. Coming out of prison helpless and friendless, always under police surveillance, he was next caught in an attempt to rob the strong-box of a court. He and his accomplices were armed when taken, but made no use of their weapons; they had hardly begun the breaking and entering when arrested; yet his sentence was fifteen years. That this was barbarous injustice Voigt has insisted since his arrest, with the newspapers agreeing. Moreover, when he complained of this wrong at his trial, the court went out of its way to confirm his assertion that the sentence was indefensible, and that he had been illegally deprived of the right of appeal.

But the folly of the state did not end there. Serving his full fifteen years, Voigt left jail determined to lead an honest life. He settled first in one town, then in another. In one he plied his shoemaker's trade diligently, and established an excellent business. And then the police ordered him to move on. Wherever he stopped, the result was the same: the police demanded his papers, found him to be a jail-bird, and compelled him to go elsewhere. With the authorities apparently bent on making it impossible for him to be decent, he hid himself in Berlin and thought out, by himself, a plot which shows that under more favorable circumstances he might have been a man of force, with an honorable career. It is this phase of Voigt's story which has stirred all Germany, this revelation that the police would make a man once a criminal always a criminal. The passport system—advocated by Senator Tillman and others for Southern negro criminals since the Atlanta riots—stands revealed as a method of placing a man's destinies absolutely in the hands of the police. They decide where he shall live and whether he shall have a chance to rehabilitate himself.

Naturally, Voigt's biography has brought out other stories of injustice. A man caught in the act of stealing a pair of slippers was thrashed by the owner and allowed to go. But a policeman who witnessed the affair saw to it that the

culprit received eight years at hard labor. Plainly, the German criminal code—indeed, the whole attitude of the Government toward the criminal—calls for a complete overhauling. The newspapers and individuals who are urging reform are naturally grateful to the Captain von Köpenick; his feat has called public attention to abuses which might otherwise have lacked publicity for years to come. Capt. Dreyfus's martyrdom accomplished much for the reform of French military procedure; the Captain von Köpenick may achieve in the history of German penology a similarly honorable position. Wherever his story is read, it should prompt people to ask whether modern humanitarian methods determine their country's treatment of all offenders.

As for the military side of the incident—the German uniform has been of late years a modern form of Gessler's hat, before which all must bow down. Army officers have ever been a privileged class; but their privileges have never rankled more than to-day, thanks largely to the propaganda of the Socialists. So much toadying to the war-lords has made possible the spectacle of a physically broken ex-convict who had never shouldered a rifle, assuming the rights of a captain, issuing orders to common soldiers, and seizing a whole town. Such an absurdity brought many persons back to earth. The spread of civilization is steadily subordinating the profession of arms; any attempt to make of its members a supreme social class, aristocratic and overbearing, is bound to fail. For, sooner or later, there will always come a shoemaker from his last to show how easily a uniform may be donned, a swagger assumed, and the hero of braid and brass reduced to terms of flesh and blood.

LAFCADIO HEARN ON STYLE.

Among the hundred and one points of interest in the correspondence of Lafcadio Hearn are certain observations on the writer's art. Whatever Hearn was or was not, he was one of the finest artists in words of our time, and fully conscious of the processes that made his own style. One should recall also that few writers have shown his capacity for self-improvement. Beginning as an avowed adorer of the French Romantics, he fairly outbid them in the tropical exuberance of his early works. After forty, and as a result of his increasing interest in psychology, he forged himself an English of extraordinary delicacy, reserve, and precision. He did this in the face of what would seem insuperable obstacles. Beginning with the scantiest education, he was for a score of years an active journalist—the worst training, one would imagine, for the attainment of anything like severity or preciousness in style.

He succeeded, perhaps, through the clearness with which he distinguished between his journalism and his literature. Writing to his friend, the musical critic, H. E. Krehbiel, he says:

Let me dwell upon an art principle. Both you and I have a *trade*: journalism. We have also an *art*: authorship. The same system of labor cannot be applied to the one as to the other without unfortunate results. Let the trade be performed as mechanically as is consistent with preservation of one's reputation as a good *workman*.

But when it comes to writing a durable thing—a book or a *brochure*—every line ought to be written at least twice, if possible *three* times. . . . In the very act of copying, new ideas of grace, force, and harmony will make themselves manifest. Without this, I will venture to say, fine literary execution is *impossible*.

Clearly, this is pretty much Flaubert's creed of the "single word" that is worth vigils and fasting; and Hearn continues to preach the true doctrine to his friend, by counselling the perusal of etymological dictionaries. "Such books give one that subtle sense of words to which much that *startles* in poetry and prose is due."

A query and an exception to this view must be dealt with. Is Hearn's attitude to journalism quite fairly expressed in the above words? and, Is style so purely a verbal matter as this passage implies? As for the first question, Hearn's associate on the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* can witness that he was reckoned as very much more than a good workman. He readily gave the surplus of effort that he recommended another to withhold. Indeed, his work for this newspaper was, on the whole, the rarest bit of luck that befell him. Nowhere but in New Orleans could he have written for a public to which translations of Gautier and Loti were an attractive journalistic feature. We doubt, also, if there was another office in the land where Hearn's luscious, yes, over-luscious, fantasies would have possessed permanent "news value." In short, this young genius was enabled to make a living from the unlikely source—in a sense, to ply his experiments in literature at the expense of the enemy journalism. The transaction naturally does honor both to himself and to his employers, but the passionate quest of the rare word and perfect phrase in those New Orleans days hardly explains the writer he afterwards became.

As everybody knows, he pretty well gave over his especial ambition for a poetical prose—"like chants wrought in a huge measure, wider than the widest line of Sanskrit composition, and just a little irregular, like ocean-rhythm"—and sought the more compact forms. He imperilled the considerable popularity his ornate style had won him for the sake of a larger intellectual satisfaction. In the same letter of 1886 in which he advises Krehbiel to scamp his

journalism for his literature, Hearn writes:

A friend disciplined me to read Herbert Spencer. . . . I found unspeakable comfort in the sudden and, for me, eternal re-opening of the Great Doubt, which renders pessimism ridiculous, and teaches a new reverence for all forms of faith.

This experience pretty well marked the end of his Romantic absolutism on the score of style. But it is interesting to note that the conception of style as the inevitable expression of a richly stored personality had come to him even earlier. Writing in 1883 to the Rev. Wayland Ball, Hearn describes the four things that "enrich fancy"—to wit, mythology, history, romance, poetry. He urges that the "monstrous and the terrible" should be cultivated especially—true Romantic doctrine this—then, as if capturing a new idea in flight, he adds:

But there is one more absolutely essential study in the formation of a strong style—science. No romance equals it. If one can store up in his brain the most extraordinary facts of astronomy, geology, ethnology, etc., they furnish him with a wonderful and startling variety of images, symbols, and illustrations. With these studies I should think one could not help forging a good style at least—an impressive one certainly.

It must be said that this novel theory is held in somewhat crude fashion. Cumulation is still the ideal, and rhetorical perfection the goal, but there is in the passage, all the same, an inkling of that strange mixture of impressionistic vision with scientific analysis which gave Hearn his unique position in English letters. It might, indeed, be argued that those last fruitful years of his life were consumed in subduing the romanticist to the scientist. How difficult the readjustment was, many of the letters from Japan attest.

Hearn's problem, taken broadly, is very much that of modern literature. We need a reconciliation of some sort between the freedom, nay, the caprice, of the instinctive artist, and the scrupulous method of the man of science. There surely will never be a time when the matter of verbal ingenuity will be unimportant to a true man of letters; but it will be increasingly important to perceive that the pen writes merely out of the fulness of the whole experience behind it. In this sense, Lafcadio Hearn's admonition that, with all a literary man's getting, he should get science, is likely to remain a guidepost. Perfection certainly lies nearer that road than it does to the short-cut of the etymological dictionary.

NEW HEAD OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

The trustees of the Smithsonian Institution, at their meeting on Tuesday, elected as secretary and executive head, in suc-

cession to the late Samuel Pierpont Langley, Henry Fairfield Osborn of this city. He has not yet announced his decision in regard to accepting the place.

Professor Osborn, one of the best-known American scientists, was born in Connecticut in 1857. At the age of twenty he obtained his bachelor's degree at Princeton. He has since received several honorary degrees from universities here and abroad. Three years after graduation he was appointed assistant in comparative anatomy at Princeton. His rise in his profession was rapid. He is now Da Costa professor of zoology at Columbia, and curator of vertebrate palæontology in the American Museum of Natural History; he is also vice-president and trustee of the latter institution. He has held many positions of distinction: Vertebrate Palæontologist of the Canadian Geological Survey, 1901-1903; since 1900, Palæontologist of the United States Geological Survey; president of the American Society of Naturalists, 1891; vice-president (section of zoology) of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, 1892; second vice-president of the New York Academy of Sciences, 1897; president of the American Morphological Society, 1897; president of the Marine Biological Association, 1898-1900; and vice-president of the New York Zoological Society. He is a member of numerous learned bodies, American and foreign. He has also been a prolific writer, both of popular articles and papers intended for specialists. Notable among his recent contributions to science is his work on the fossils of the horse family. This bare enumeration of his activities, and the recognition which he has received from scholars in all parts of the world, are evidence that he is a scientist of unusual equipment.

The choice of a new head for the Smithsonian brings up the question as to the scope and possibilities of the Institution. The secretary as well as the trustees should always bear in memory the motto on the Smithsonian seal. "For the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Situated as it is at the Capital, the National Museum, which is an integral part of the Institution, has a peculiar duty. For one thing, the Museum should be made to tell the whole story of America, in an orderly manner, under the direction of men who know what to place on exhibition for the instruction of the crowd and what to put away in storage vaults and laboratories for the use of trained investigators. At present, the failure to observe this distinction with care lessens the usefulness both of the public exhibits and the material reserved for research. First, there should be exhibits throwing all the light possible on the archaeology and ethnology of the continent up to the time of discovery; second, historical material showing the effects of occupation by Europeans; and, third, complete illustration of natural resources.

Often the facts could best be presented by geographical sections. Industries of New England, let us say, made possible in the beginning by abundance of water power, might form a chapter in themselves. Agriculture and mining, forestry and fisheries, with all their allied activities, also call for logical treatment with reference to localities. There might be, for instance,

a room or alcove for Montana, with a relief map of the State, books and photographs pertaining to its history, its industries, its progress in arts and sciences, its libraries, schools, and government, as well as specimens of its minerals and plant and animal life; everything, in fact, worth knowing about Montana. The work of the army, the navy, and weather bureau might be set forth by themselves as in the exhibits in the Government buildings at the fairs in Chicago, St. Louis, and Portland. The plans for safeguarding public health should have their special place, and so on through the long list of Federal activities. This plan would also provide for adequate exhibits of American contribution to all the industrial arts and all the fine arts. There should be a comprehensive system of cross references to documentary and other material available in the library of Congress and the several departments of the Government. And the whole should be in charge of experts, whose duty it should be to aid visitors and students. The educational value of a great National Museum so arranged would be incalculable.

Men capable under competent direction of recasting the present Museum on these lines are already on the ground. The experts of the Smithsonian Institution and National Museum are admirably trained. But they need sufficient funds and an able chief to block out the work. For the Museum even to approach such a standard, the man chosen to administer its affairs must be more than a very great scientist. He must be a teacher as well as an investigator, and full of enthusiasm for his work of popularizing the institution. He must also have the success-winning qualities of the college president, not excepting the ability to state the needs of his plant so convincingly, to Senators and Representatives especially, that funds for maintenance and development will be readily forthcoming; for while the Smithsonian Institution is well endowed, the Museum, by means of which the more effective teaching is done, depends almost wholly upon appropriations by Congress.

The late Secretary Langley was not such a man as we have in mind. He was an accomplished scientist, and his ability was generally acknowledged; but his brother scientists called him a narrow physicist, and to the public, unfortunately, he was a sort of exalted Darius Green, who devoted his energies to his own hobby. Langley invented the bolometer, which measures the heat of a candle flame a quarter of a mile away, but he could not make a Congressman see beyond his own nose when the need of an appropriation for the National Museum was under consideration. People in general and statesmen in particular were bored to Dr. Langley; they were not even interesting specimens worthy of classification and study. Langley's predecessor, and the second Smithsonian secretary, Spencer Fullerton Baird, who served from 1878 until 1887, was of a different type altogether. He was a naturalist of the comprehensive school. He made the National Museum popular, and without setting apart a number of exhibits labelled "Children's Museum," he always bore in mind the fact that childish comprehension in matters scientific is not at all

a matter of years. When the Museum needed money, Baird would tuck a case of butterflies under his arm and go up to the Capitol, where he would gather a group of Congressmen about him and talk to them so entertainingly about his specimens that for the time being they would believe that there was nothing so worth while as natural history and the National Museum. Baird, never a slave of pure science, made no distinction between practical and theoretical biology. He founded the Fish Commission, and, as a specific illustration of his success in practical undertakings, fostered the shad fisheries along the Atlantic coast so that they became of great commercial importance. It is by the display of such qualities of scientist, teacher, diplomatist, skilled administrator, and practical man of affairs that the new incumbent must hope for success.

THE PARIS BOOK SEASON.

PARIS, November 20.

French novels, perhaps, most interest the world, but they are neither in quantity nor quality foremost in the exuberant output of Paris' books. The most notable, and the highest in point of sale, is Marcel Prévost's "Monsieur et Madame Moloch," which in ten days reached its forty-second edition. As it appeared first in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, it should be a bid for the next election to the French Academy, for which the author is ripe. It is an international romance, making known to French and Latins generally the German as he is to-day, and not as he was yesterday, that is, "before the war" when the Rhine was romantic. "Germany of reverie and poetry and analysis is the true, the holy Germany; that of the swashbucklers is a spurious and passing Germany!" There is less of the psychology of women and more mature thought than in any other of this writer's books—and this is a great deal.

A voice from the past is Henry Céard's "Terrains à vendre au bord de la Mer" (Seaside Lots for Sale). The author is one of Zola's five disciples, who in the full flush of Naturalism wrote the "Soirées de Médan," from which Maupassant leaped into fame. Of the others, Paul Alexis is dead—a light that failed—Hennique has dropped behind, while J. K. Huysmans, a convert to Catholicism, has just poured his Naturalist soul into a book of etchings, cruel and sweet, of the crowds of Lourdes. Céard, who was an acrid theatrical critic, long since withdrew from the Paris world, and this first book of his for many years, in its already antiquated methods and standards, is like the story-telling of some long since *blasé* Rip van Winkle. Like those of his school, it is a long, concentrated, photographic, relentlessly uncharitable and unideal history of natives and summer visitors of a corner of Brittany.

The yearly volumes of Jules Verne are still appearing in course; and there may be others still to come from the dead author, who wrote industriously so as to be ahead of his contract. Ernest Daudet, elder brother of Alphonse, and more voluminous as a writer, gives another of the historical romances with which he intermits his regular line of Revolutionary history; the "Comte de Chamarambe" is the tale of an

émigré who takes refuge from the Terror in London and returns to France for Bonaparte. The reading of his love episode does not prevent us realizing an epoch of history by the way. Historically, the work of Ernest Daudet is of high excellence and deserves to be better known abroad; he is the chief authority on the Emigration, and has had the papers of Louis the XVIII. to aid him.

In strict history, greatly cultivated from both the documentary and literary sides in France, we have the anecdotic "Paris sous Napoléon" of Lanzac de Laborie, a third volume, "Court and Town—Life and Death"; and Maurice Dumoulin's entertaining "Figures du Temps passé." Roger Boutet de Monvel has a more exhaustive volume than exists in English on "George Brummel et George IV." The Vicomte de Reiset, whose family has been mixed up with royal Legitimacy, has a book on the eccentric, half-heroic "Duchesse de Berry (1816-1830)"; and F. Nicolay brings out unpublished documents on "Napoléon Ier au Camp de Boulogne." The youth of "Louis XI. (1423-1445)" is studied by Marcel Thibault.

In Church history there is a new volume of Professor Bréhier's "L'Église et l'Orient au Moyen Age," on the Crusades; a substantial thesis from the University of Helsingfors on the Holy See and Sweden (1570-1576), by Henry Biaudet; and an independent summary of results of recent research, "Manuel d'Histoire ancienne du Christianisme," by Prof. Charles Guignebert, whom a university thesis on Tertullian accredited some years ago. His present volume, "Les Origines," takes the sources of the history, Palestinian Judaism, the facts of the life of Jesus, the Judeo-Christian churches, Paul's life, missions, and churches, the Church of Rome—all down to the end of the first century.

In books for the man and woman of letters, picturesquely portraying the results of travel in the open air and in libraries, we have the veteran Michel Bréal's "Pour mieux connaître Homère," situating the poetry in Time and Space; and that amiable and advancing writer, Henry Bordeaux's "Paysages Romanesques," taking us to Germany, from Henry Heine's house to that of Beethoven, with Goethe and Victor Hugo by the way. The "Souvenirs d'un Peintre," by André Beaunier, has glimpses of the Commune and all that agony of an age which is gone within the memories of men. The indefatigable and always entertaining Academician, theatrical critic, university professor, and review writer, Émile Faguet, has "Amours d'Hommes de Lettres" (Pascal, Corneille, Voltaire, Mirabeau, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Guizot, Prosper Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, George Sand, and Alfred de Musset). Léon Séché has two volumes of the gossip dear to the modern heart, "Alfred de Musset"—family, comrades, women. To "Gérard de Nerval," who, mad as he was, shines not the least in the Romantic movement, Gauthier-Ferrières devotes a documentary and final volume; and Professor Lanson publishes the volume on "Voltaire" in the scholarly and readable series of "Grands Écrivains Français."

There are a few books of travel, or their equivalent, worth reading for pleasure as well as profit: "Un Crépuscule d'Islam," by André Chéyriillon, the nephew of Taine, who has applied his philosophy, learning,

and descriptive ability to the city of Fez. With this may be taken the important book of a member of Neo-Islam, Israel Hamet, "Les Musulmans Français du Nord de l'Afrique." Charles Pettit, who has already shown that he knows from the inside the life of China, has another novel deep in its frivolities—"Le Chinois de Made-moiselle Bambou." "Trois Ans à la Cour de Perse" is by Dr. Feuvrier, who was the Shah's physician. A book stuffed with facts and compendious for American reference is "l'Émigration Européenne au 19^e siècle" (Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia), by Professor Gonnard of Lyons.

For those who have not yet learned that Décadents are things of the past, quite spluttered out, a little book "La Nouvelle Littérature" (1895-1905), by MM. Casella and Gaubert, will be an eye-opener.

Of books about books and writers, we have a posthumous "Esquisse Historique" of French literature in the Middle Ages, by the lamented Gaston Paris; it adds the fifteenth century to his work published in 1888; also, Marius Michel's "La Chanson de Roland," on the epic influences of chivalric poetry in Europe "persisting until this present"; a small book situating "Montaigne, Amyot, Saliat," by J. de Zangroniz; a "Port Royal" edition of Pascal's "Pensées," after original MSS., with notes, facsimile, index, and concordance, by that zealous surviving Jansenist, Professor Gazier of Paris. In Alcan's series of Philosophers by writers conversant with medieval commentators on Aristotle, is a volume on Plato, by Professor Plat of the Catholic Faculty. Prof. Paul Stapfer has "Études sur Goethe," in connection with Lessing and Schiller, and concerning "Werther," "Iphigenia," "Hermann and Dorothea," and "Faust." Madame Goyau (Lucie Félix-Faure) publishes another of her studies in various literatures, "Ames Païennes, Ames Chrétiennes," noteworthy for a refined and religious French appreciation of Christina Rossetti. There are three volumes of Henri Brémont's books on Newman—Development Theory, Psychology, Christian Life—all three crowned this year by the French Academy. A. Feugère, also from a Catholic point of view, studies Lamennais before his really epoch-making book "Essai sur l'Indifférence." And then we have the "Cahiers de Jeunesse (1845-6)," from Ernest Renan himself; the second volume is to appear at Easter; both are edited by his daughter, the wife of Professor Psichari of Paris.

Of high thinking on subjects of pressing interest, we have a volume of M. Brunetière's papers, "Questions Actuelles," dealing, among other things, with Evolutionary Morals doctrinally, with the Pacifist Lie, and Classic Humanities. M. Mermeix, an industrious and trained compiler, has a book on Socialism, which is fairly complete as an exposition of the theory.

Among classics—that is, books for classes in and out of school—two might well interest American students of French: the first of the three volumes devoted to an "Anthologie des Poètes (1866-1906)," and Maurice Bouchor's "Théâtre pour les Jeunes Filles," including such subjects as Naussicaa, the First Vision of Joan of Arc, Sleeping Beauty, and Cinderella—all good literature and versification.

S. D.

Correspondence.

EDWARD IRVING AND THE "PROPHETESSES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Andrew Lang, in his reference in your issue of November 22 to the forthcoming biography of Edward Irving, speaks of some of the outward manifestations attendant upon the public ministry of this Scottish preacher and divine. Mr. Lang adds: "As far as I am aware, the Rev. Mr. Irving himself disliked 'all these . . . gabblings in unknowable tongues.'" Permit me to bring to the attention of your readers some evidence on this point; and in doing so I trust Mr. Lang will not consider it an unwarranted intrusion.

The intimate relation between Edward Irving and Thomas Carlyle is well known. Carlyle says of Irving after the death of the latter in 1834: "My poor first friend, my first and best!" The following account may then be accepted as correct. In a letter to his mother of date October 20, 1831, Carlyle says:

I dare say you have not seen in the newspapers, but will soon see something extraordinary about poor Edward Irving. His friends here [London] are all much grieved about him. For many months he has been puddling and muddling in the midst of certain insane jargonings of hysterical women and crackbrained enthusiasts. . . . This, greatly to my sorrow and that of many, has gone on privately for a good while with increasing vigor; but last Sabbath it burst out publicly in the open church; for one of the "Prophetesses," a woman on the verge of derangement, started up in the time of worship, and began to speak with tongues, and, as the thing was encouraged by Irving, there were some three or four fresh hands who started up in the evening sermon, and began their ragings. . . . Happily, neither Jane nor I were there, though we had been the previous day. We had not even heard of it. When going next evening to call on Irving, we found the house all decked out for "a meeting" (that is, about this same "speaking with tongues"), and as we talked a moment with Irving, who had come down to us, there arose a shriek in the upper story of the house, and presently he exclaimed, "There is one prophesying; come and hear her!" We hesitated to go.

All this, much as it grieved, did not take away the faith that Carlyle had in his friend and his life work. Tenderly and beautifully he conveyed to Irving's mother his conviction:

Tell her that her son did not live for Time only; but for Eternity too; and that he has fought the good fight, as we humbly trust, and is not dead, but sleepeth. ["Thomas Carlyle, a History of the First Forty Years of His Life," Volume II., Froude.]

HENRY T. ROSS.

Ottawa, Ontario, November 27.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have ready for publication a new and revised edition of "An Introduction to the Study of Browning," by Arthur Symonds; "A Crystal Age," by W. H. Hudson; "Local and Central Government, a Comparative Study of England, France, Prussia, and the United States," by Percy Ashley; "Act of State in English

Law," by W. Harrison Moore; "Footsteps of Proserpine"; "Constantine the Great," a tragedy; "Savonarola, a City Tragedy," and "Kiartan, the Icelander, a Tragedy," each by Newman Howard.

We are to have this month, from Putnam's, the new "Life of Walter Pater," by Thomas Wright. This is said to contain a large amount of valuable material that was not touched by previous biographers; and in particular to bring out the relationship between Pater and Richard C. Jackson, his closest friend, who was the original of Marius, the Epicurean.

Putnam's have just issued the fourth series of "The Shelburne Essays," by Paul E. More. A number of these essays appeared originally in the *Evening Post*, but they have been considerably revised and enlarged for republication. The present volume deals with R. S. Hawker, Fanny Burney, Keats, Herbert, Franklin, Lamb, Walt Whitman, Blake, Milton, and Walpole.

Brentano issues the "Tales from Shakspeare" by Charles and Mary Lamb, in two volumes of handsome print. Canon Ainger's Introduction is retained, and the engravings by Anker Smith, Schiavonetti, and others. The style of the volumes, like Lamb's text, is fitted for adult readers rather than for children.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have made a holiday book of the chapter in Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee," which tells the story of "The Swarm." Trees and bee-hives and fences, all a pale green, are blotched over the pages.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have an attractive series of slender books printed at the Merrymount Press, each containing an essay or address on some question of the day. A few of these we may name without further comment: "Putting the Most into Life," by Booker T. Washington; "American Character," by Brander Matthews; "The Happy Family," by George Hodges; "Great Riches," by Charles W. Eliot; "Friendship," by Thoreau; "Saint Francis of Assisi," by Oscar Kuhns.

The Century Company adds three more volumes to its Thumb-Nail Series: Emerson's "Friendship and Character," Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country," and "The Book of Proverbs." These books, of genuine pocket size and with their stamped leather covers and typography by the De Vinne Press, have something of the charm of the season about them.

The H. M. Caldwell Co. issues Ruskin's "King of the Golden River" and Dickens's "Sketches of Young Couples" in pocket-size volumes bound in limp red leather.

Those who care for humor of a rather obvious and very American type will find it in the pictures and rhymes that go to make up "Why They Married," by James Montgomery Flagg. The book bears the imprint of the Life Publishing Company.

Shorn of its glamour of slang, Mr. Ade's humor turns out to be of thinner substance than we supposed. The same thing might happen to Mr. Dooley stripped of his brogue, but we do not think it would. We have all heard of "American humor," but America or no America, a difference subsists between a clown and a comedian, a jester and a humorist. Mr. Ade's "Pas-

tures New" (McClure, Phillips & Co.) somewhat feebly recalls "Innocents Abroad." This escaped American comments with casual facetiousness upon various superficial aspects of European travel; assisted by one Peasley, an American of the drummer type, who amuses Mr. Ade immensely. The only really humorous chapter in the book is the one on "French justice as dealt out in the Dreyfus case." Mr. Ade uses the figure of dog-stealing that was suggested by Mr. Dooley at the time of the Dreyfus trials, and develops it successfully. Of "Dissertations by Mr. Dooley" (Harper & Bros.) it need only be said that F. P. Dunne holds his own. His present series of dissertations deserves a place with its forerunners. The present reviewer can hardly express his opinion of Mr. Dooley's quality as a humorist more forcibly than by confessing that on his own shelf the philosopher of Archey Road is flanked on the one side by the Autocrat, and on the other by Hosea Biglow.

In his impressionistic descriptions of "Cities," which appeared originally in the magazines and are now published in book form by E. P. Dutton & Co., Arthur Symonds is quite at his best. "As you know, and, I sometimes think, regret, I am one of those for whom the visible word exists, very actively," he writes in the Dedication; "and, for me, cities are like people, with souls and temperaments of their own." My Symonds is fond of the word soul, and uses it when others would think of some combination of colors and scents belonging rather to the body than to any spiritual substance. And so, in these chapters, it is witchery of fine sensations that characterizes Rome or Seville or Prague or whatever city Mr. Symonds visits. Eight excellent photogravures make this one of the most acceptable of the holiday books.

An attractively printed volume of "Addresses of John Hay" (The Century Co.) brings together twenty-four miscellaneous pieces, presumably all that it has been thought proper to reproduce in permanent form. The papers vary greatly in length and character, from such extended addresses as those on Franklin and McKinley, the New York Chamber of Commerce address on "American Diplomacy," and the speech at Jackson, Mich., on "Fifty Years of the Republican Party," to short responses at dinners, dedications, and other public functions. Most of them have already seen the light in newspapers or magazines, but two or three, prepared but not delivered, are apparently now published for the first time. Some of the short addresses are models of appropriateness and form, and the volume as a whole illustrates very well Mr. Hay's graceful style, his refined and pervasive humor, his happy faculty of saying the right thing at the right time, and his ability to handle serious matters with a light touch. With these qualities, which gave him distinction as a man of letters, went also an almost religious regard for the principles of the Republican party, a genial contempt for political independents, and a leaning towards hero-worship; but while the addresses here collected show these traits also, they show still more the generous cosmopolitan culture which, next to his sense of humor, made John Hay one of the best poised statesmen of his time.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's latest volume of historical miscellanies bears the title "A Frontier Town, and Other Essays" (Charles Scribner's Sons). The "frontier town" is Greenfield, Mass., at whose one hundred and fiftieth anniversary Mr. Lodge was the orator. Of the other papers and addresses which the volume brings together, the eulogy on Senator George F. Hoar, pronounced before the Massachusetts Legislature in January, 1905, is the most notable, though the portrait of Samuel Adams, reprinted here from the W. A. Wilde Co.'s "Stepping Stones of American History," is a sound piece of popular historical writing. Such titles as "Good Citizenship," "The Senate of the United States," and "Certain Principles of Town Government" represent topics on which Mr. Lodge, whatever the vagaries and errancies of his political career, has usually written informingly and interestingly. As a whole, the contents of the volume have less distinction than the same author's "Fighting Frigate and Other Essays," but that any man in public life should be able to write so much and so well is itself gratifying.

The late Bishop B. F. Westcott left in manuscript a fairly complete commentary on Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, together with some scanty notes on topics pertinent to the subject. The task of editing this material was committed to the Rev. J. M. Schulhof of Clare College, Cambridge, who in this edition (Macmillan Co.) has given the commentary proper practically as it is in the manuscript, and has added, partly from the writings of Dr. Westcott, and partly from other sources, an Introduction, a series of additional notes, the text of Codex Amiatinus, and the English versions of Wiclif and Tyndale. Probably most posthumous editions of this character are unsatisfactory. The book is a fragment, and as such is to be estimated.

The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, first known as the *Frankfurter Handelszeitung*, was recently celebrated by elaborate ceremonies in which the city authorities took prominent part. Those of the State and nation might even have shown their good will; for there are few newspapers of the *Frankfurter Zeitung's* independence, ability, and world-wide fame. But, as is recorded in the ponderous tome of one thousand pages which lies before us as a more permanent memorial of the semi-centennial, the Prussians have never been friendly towards the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which, in 1866, they drove to Stuttgart for a brief exile of three months. For the Imperial authorities, this liberal journal has too often been a thorn in the flesh. They cannot ignore it; for it is the ablest financial newspaper in Germany, and is to be found in every café in Vienna and every club in London, beside having subscribers in every German hamlet. Not even Bismarck could purchase it or shape its policy. Its courageous and able writing is marked by a vigor and a style all its own. The modern tourist in Frankfurt is shown the Goethe birthplace and the *Römersaal*; he should also have the home of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* pointed out, if he would see a chief factor in the city's amazing rise and prosperity. This semi-centennial volume, "Geschichte der Frankfurter Zeit-

ung," is really a detailed history of Germany from the Liberal point of view, since the founding of the newspaper. Its course in matters social, political, and financial is set forth with accuracy and detail. The list of reforms for which it has contended is endless; it has fought the good fight for a democratic State founded on the broadest kind of suffrage. Opposition to a dangerous militarism and to an overgrown navy has been as much a part of its propaganda as its demand for modernization of the penal laws, for freedom of thought, of speech, and of trade, for a free press, for amelioration of social conditions, and its resolute criticism of Germany's colonial folly. Its reviews of American financial happenings and of our railway development have contributed greatly to the movement of German capital to this country and the marketing of American railway securities on the Continent. Again and again, notably in the vicissitudes of the Northern Pacific Railway, it has shown a noteworthy insight into affairs on this side of the water, and a correctness of judgment which has been amply demonstrated in the lapse of time. That so independent a newspaper has flourished in the face of official dislike and the hatred of the aristocratic ruling classes is in itself a testimonial to the soundness of the *Frankfurter Zeitung's* views. Whoever studies this record of its activities must feel that it contains inspiration for independent journalists the world over.

"Habsburger Anekdoten" is the title of a volume of anecdotes and personal incidents relating to members of the Hapsburg dynasty from its founder, Rudolf I., to the present Emperor, Franz Joseph I., covering a period of more than seven centuries. The material is collected by the head of the Imperial Family Library, Dr. Franz Schnürer, and published by Robert Lutz in Stuttgart. Many of the stories go to show that the present sovereign of Austria has not only shown remarkable insight and energy in promoting the educational, commercial, and industrial development of the country, in opposition to strong reactionary influences, but is also known for his kind heart and sympathy. The Emperor is very fond of children, and a charming story is told of the manner in which he was led to distribute the plume of green feathers on his hat as souvenirs among the pupils of a school which he visited. Another act evincing fine feeling was the gift of a life seat in the opera house to an officer, who had been made blind by a wound received in battle, and who had a strong passion for music.

In the *Revue de Paris* for November 1 and 15, Professor Brunot presents the report of the commission entrusted with the task of preparing a simplified French orthography. The commission numbered among its other members M. Croiset, Dean of the Faculty of Letters of the University of Paris; Paul Meyer of the *École des Chartes*, and M. Faguet of the Academy and the Faculty of Letters. The principles by which the commission was guided were the following: no innovation to be made that in any way clashed with the received pronunciation, as given in the Hatzfeld-Darmesteter "Dictionnaire Général"; compounds and derivative words to conform in

spelling to their originals; words otherwise related (as *baril* and *barrigue*) to be similarly spelled; no "etymological spellings" recording derivation from languages other than Latin to be preserved. The principal changes recommended are these: the circumflex accent to disappear, except over *a*, *e*, and *o*; the acute accent to be placed over all *e's* not mute that are followed by a single consonant and a vowel other than mute *e*; the grave accent to be placed over all *e's* followed by a single consonant and mute *e*; *oeu* to become *eu*; Greek *oe* and *y* to become *e* and *i*; *-ien-*, pronounced *-ian-*, to be written *-ian-*; *homme* and *femme* to be left undisturbed, as also the termination *-tion*; Greek *ph*, *th*, and *rh* to be written *f*, *t*, *r*; final *x* representing *s* to become *s*; *bb*, *pp*, *ff*, *gg* to be simplified everywhere; *mm*, *nn*, *tt*, *rr*, *ll* before final *e*, and *tt* before final *re*, to be simplified; in the interior of words to be retained if an actual double consonant is pronounced (as in *illogique*), otherwise their retention to be optional; *ec* to be retained only when actually double in pronunciation and when pronounced *es*; *equ* to become *qu*; *ck* to become *k*; *j* to be written wherever its sound occurs—perhaps the most radical change of all.

"Littérature Italienne," by Prof. Henri Hanvette of the University of Grenoble, is a new volume in the series of *Histoires des Littératures* (Paris: Armand Colin), a French collection which has much in common with Edmund Gosse's *Literatures of the World*. Professor Hanvette replaces Dr. Garnett's pleasantly garrulous compendium by a work of much surer learning, more rounded form, and wider generalizing power. The "Littérature Italienne" is an admirable example of the French art of the subordination of erudite details to order and lucidity. M. Hanvette is *du métier* in all things Italian (his recent *thèse* on Luigi Alamanni bristles with learning through some 700 octavo pages); but in this charming sketch neither foot-notes nor bibliographical details disturb the continuity and effectiveness of the text. It is the best brief account of Italian letters that has been written by any scholar of trans-Alpine birth.

William Lee, the Boston publisher, died last Friday at Hampton, N. H. He was born in Boston in 1826, and when only eleven entered the book business, serving apprenticeships in several Boston houses. In 1860, with Charles A. Shepard, he started the publishing firm of Lee & Shepard. Mr. Shepard died, and in 1897 Mr. Lee disposed of his interest to the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

A committee has been formed for the purpose of buying Coleridge's cottage at Nether Stowey, and preserving it as a memorial. While living there he wrote much of his best poetry.

The annual report on public libraries just issued by the Education Department of this State, is the most complete in its statistical tables that has yet appeared. It gives not only a comprehensive survey of conditions in this State, but reports many items of national interest, such as the year's library legislation in various States, gifts in the United States and Canada, the composition, resources, and work of various State commissions, and the proceed-

ings of national organizations. According to the report, the total number of libraries in the State, of a public or semi-public character, is 1,243, an increase of 103 during the year; the addition of new books amounted to 488,996 volumes, making a present total of 8,164,686. The year's increase in volumes circulated for home use was 1,035,167, making a present annual circulation of 13,266,779. These figures show a growth, during the twelve years that the present library law has been in force, of 100 per cent. in the number of libraries, of more than 200 per cent. in the number of volumes, and of more than 400 per cent. in the annual circulation.

McMASTER'S HISTORY.

A History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War. By John Bach McMaster. Vol. VI. 1830-1842. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50 net.

This volume covers only twelve years, but they were of great social importance. They marked the success of the democracy of the West in obtaining the Presidency, and the failure of that democracy to meet the requirements of the day. Much the same experience of political success and failure that characterized the rise and fall of the Virginia dynasty of Presidents was repeated in Jackson and Van Buren. The issue was the same—a recognition of a wider democracy. It would be absurd to compare Jefferson and Jackson; it would be equally misleading to draw a parallel between John Quincy Adams and Martin Van Buren; yet the darkness of defeat that temporarily obscured the development of Jeffersonian principles was not unlike that which overwhelmed Van Buren, and brought the South into a situation which politically paralleled the experience of Virginia upon a larger scale. As the development of Virginia was limited by the Virginia resolutions of 1798, so that of the South was restricted by the concentration of political thought and action upon States' rights, with special reference to slavery. To counteract this activity, an anti-slavery agitation and party rose in the free States, and in the resulting contest Jackson, and what he stood for, came to be as much out of date as Clay and his divided ambitions. The history of the Jackson-Polk régime is distinctly a history of the South and West.

The volume opens with the beginnings of Jackson's war upon the Bank of the United States, an application of Western ideas of finance, based upon a constitutional principle. A debate on a public land policy passed into a discussion of States' rights; and the same question appeared in an acute form in the nullification movement in South Carolina, where the inequalities of the customs tariff aroused such opposition that a separation from the Union seemed preferable to loss of liberty. This step was an interpretation of the Virginia resolutions of 1798, which even their framers would have repudiated. The growing agitation of the abolitionists aroused bitter feeling in the South, and gave occasion to a movement for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; this movement in turn accentuated the unreasonable demand of the advocates of States' rights, consolidated the South, made the annexation of Texas cer-

tain, and provoked scenes in the House over the "gag rules" for rejecting petitions on slavery that, though not creditable to the dominant party, furnished a splendid occasion to the abilities and high patriotism of John Quincy Adams. The removal of the deposits and the following era of speculation brought financial disaster, and in the ruins Van Buren stood discredited as a party leader, to be succeeded by the amiable but ineffective Harrison. The volume closes with Tyler's second veto of the "fiscal corporation." In all this time States' rights, slavery, and fiscal monopoly were the issues; and these issues were raised by the South and the West.

It is because the questions of domestic policy were so largely economic that the course of the Jackson Administration is so interesting. To such matters Jackson himself had never given attention before his election to the Presidency. He was in favor of a "judicious tariff," whatever that might mean, but South Carolina looked upon him as a high protectionist; he was opposed to bank paper, but judged and condemned the Bank of the United States more because of alleged political interference than for actual banking reasons; the policy of internal improvements by the national Government he disapproved on constitutional, not fiscal, grounds, and the foolish distribution of the surplus was a substitute policy that immediately proved dangerous; his ideas on the payment of the national debt were sound, but in his rage against "bank monopoly" he destroyed what supplied a good foundation for the commercial interests of the country, as well as a convenient instrument for performing the fiscal operations of the Government. His successor paid the penalty politically. As a financier Jackson was ignorant, and the men around him were quite as ignorant. Ingham, Secretary of the Treasury, when asked for an opinion on the Bank, said he had not given the subject attention and had no suggestion to offer. Taney, who removed the deposits, was controlled by political, not financial, motives, and Woodbury could not forget his local prejudice against the great Bank. Moreover, the friends of the institution committed errors which played into Jackson's hands. Mr. McMaster does not give a summary of Adams's able report on the charges against the Bank, nor does he mention the tactical blunder of allowing Dallas, instead of Webster, to offer the memorial for a recharter. As a Pennsylvanian, Dallas claimed this as a right, but he made a very unsatisfactory exhibition. It was Van Buren who supplied Jackson with arguments against internal improvements, and it was from outside his Cabinet that the President conducted his campaign against the Bank, a campaign largely fostered by State banks which expected to be benefited by the destruction of their big rival. The sub-treasury system, that came in Van Buren's time as a substitute for the Bank, has proved unfortunate, and to this day exercises an influence upon the money market capable of being much abused.

It is not in describing financial and commercial questions that Mr. McMaster is strongest. To give the arguments on both sides, drawn from the debates in Congress, from newspapers and from controversial pamphlets is an excellent method, provided it is not carried so far as to confuse. The

reader is continually asking for some definite opinion upon matters so fully discussed, a summary of results that will throw some light upon the conclusions of so capable a student of history and so diligent an assembler of facts. Were those problems merely for the day, to be closed with the end of a session of Congress or with the end of the year? Was the attack upon the Bank justified? Was the tariff of 1828 really burdensome to the South, and did the compromise remove the cause of complaint? Were the people as a body interested in the overthrow of the Bank, or was it merely a question of Jackson's popularity, so strongly supported that he could undertake and carry through any measure he saw fit to make his own? Such questions multiply as the reader progresses, and in the mass of incident and multiplicity of detail, he seeks for something more than an orderly arrangement of material. The skill of the writer is undeniable, and his method lends itself to a vivid development of a single incident. Nothing could be better than the account of the Harrison campaign, where shouting and spectacular effects took the place of appeals to the reason of the voters. The withdrawal of small notes, by States and nation, the Buckshot and Aroostook wars, abolition troubles, reckless inception of internal improvements, and the progress of railroads may be cited as other examples of good work. But the stringing together of a number of such episodes, with little or no connecting thread, does not constitute history, and exposes a weakness in the writer's methods.

No definite idea is conveyed of the leading characters of those twelve years. The one glimpse of Jackson's dominating manner is given in the amusing account of his reception of the friends of the Bank; but this does not atone for neglect of many fitting opportunities for drawing his character. Jackson's growth in personal power and arrogance was the keynote of the time, and the issue in 1832 and 1836 was only Jackson and what he was supposed to represent. He could destroy Calhoun politically and impose Van Buren upon a somewhat reluctant party. He could force White into retirement, and effect the outlawry of Duane. His personality controlled the public measures, and he rode roughshod over men and opposition, making his will the law, and opposition to himself treachery worthy of severe punishment. He gloated over his victories, however gained, and exulted as eagerly over the defeat or downfall of his friends who questioned or opposed his course, as over the political death of his enemies. All this it would be difficult to gather from Mr. McMaster's pages. The Swartwout appointment, made against the most solemn advice of Van Buren and many New York politicians, is not mentioned; nor is so much as a paragraph given to the separation between Jackson and Calhoun, which resulted so disastrously to the latter, and threw so little credit upon the former. The account of the dissolution of Jackson's first Cabinet is neither full nor clear, and the absurd yet politically potent intensity with which the President espoused the cause of Eaton and his wife deserved a closer treatment. No single incident in his eight years, complete opera bouffe as it was, threw so

clear a reflection of his personality. The influence of the Kitchen Cabinet is hardly suggested, and no attention is given to the men he called around him or promoted into high office for reasons personal to himself. The one exception is the reward of Taney, where the author quotes from the sycophantic letter written by the new chief justice upon receiving his appointment.

Nor do we gain any clearer idea of Van Buren. What made him the power in politics he became, and entitled him to the Presidency? His personal correspondence would show how closely he kept in touch with the influential leaders of his party in the different States; how much he favored the prominent journalists, and how ready he was to reward a faithful follower, and to quarrel with him when his usefulness was exhausted or his power became too great to make him an obedient or a comfortable colleague. His statesmanship appears large when measured against that of his party contemporaries; but his courage was developed in the years of his adversity. Until the close of his Presidency he remained a politician rather than a statesman. Clay, too, was a fit subject for study, as well as the successful Harrison, who robbed him, as it were, of the object of his ambitions. These men, and many more, were not mere lay figures, on whom can be hung the events of their time. They were living and popular forces, voicing the views of their following and seeking to direct the movement of political action. In the hands of Mr. McMaster they are little more than names.

In this at times severely impersonal record the narrative loses in force and interest. Why state that "a member" said something in debate, when the name of the speaker, of his State or section, would give point to his remarks? The editor of a newspaper possessed a personal force in that day. While Duff Green was editing the Administration organ he spoke with authority, and it was the same with Blair when the Jackson favors were turned towards him. Jackson rewarded so many editors with office, that even the faithful Ritchie protested. Noah and Dawson, Kendall, Hill, and Daniel were influences not to be overlooked. Ritchie held close relations with Van Buren, and his editorials were often inspired by this New York leader. The significance of a quotation from the *Enquirer* and the *Telegraph* is lessened when no reference is made to the fact that Ritchie was editor of the one and Green of the other. The author says the *Globe*, an Administration newspaper just set up, etc., but nowhere states that Blair was the editor, a man who exerted a great personal influence upon Jackson, and more than any other one man suggested and kept alive his prejudices and hatreds. How much the element of personality adds to the narrative is seen in the account of the nullification episode, where the Jackson and Poinsett papers have been freely drawn upon. In contrast, note the account of the proceedings of State political conventions where no names of leaders are given, and none of the vivid contemporary pictures of the principal actors. Anthony Butler's mission to Texas and its subsequent complication should have been mentioned, as well as the fact that Taney prepared the paper on the Bank which Jackson read to his Cabinet in Sep-

tember, 1833. No reference is made to Livingston's having written the nullification proclamation, or to the widespread comment upon some of its sentences which were interpreted as "dangerously squinting" at Federalism. Even John Randolph, who had received favors from Jackson, directed his last effort against its doctrines.

With all its faults this history is undoubtedly the best that has been written of the twelve years. It is a storehouse of fact, and brings to light a mass of material which will be as useful to the historian as interesting to the general reader.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—I.

Our shelves reserved for juveniles are running over; adventure tumbles upon adventure; fairy tale upon fairy tale. We may complain that no volume looms up, save, perhaps, J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan" (Charles Scribner's Sons), which is sumptuous in its colored drawings by Rackman, but which is rather the "Little White Bird" incident amplified, than the fantasy as played so charmingly by Miss Adams. For the majority of the books are as they were last year; the plots are conventional, are moral; and if they are of the "retold" class, they are faithful. There is little that is distinctive.

Allen French, in "Pelham and His Friend Tim" (Little, Brown & Co.), has struck a melodramatic vein which is industrially up to date. Pelham and Tim represent capital and labor, and the struggles at the mill, which is owned by Pelham's father, whirl around these two. There are seeds of discord sown among the peaceful village men, by a foreign workman who talks socialism; there is a mean persecutor of Tim, who has a mystery about his life; there is the gradual bringing of the villain to his just deserts at the end of the story. Pelham and Tim each try to outvie the other in valor. They save the mill's machinery, they turn workmen themselves, and through their efforts, contracts are filled, despite the strike. Mr. French has infused vigor and action into his pages.

"The Crimson Sweater" (The Century Co.), by Ralph Henry Barbour, is more conventional. Try as they may, authors of the present, when they write of school, are always forced into describing football, rowing, and the treacherous big boy. And Roy Porter, the hero, is only one of a large class of martyrs; he does many a noble deed for his school flag, and wins in everything. When his crimson sweater is placed, by the sneak of the story, so as to heap suspicion and punishment upon him, he takes his sentence as Spartan boys should. There is a heroine, named "Harry," who is all she should be, with her variable moods and her good fellowship.

A rare style marks the book by Norman Duncan, which he calls "The Adventures of Billy Topsail" (Revell). The scenes are laid in and about Newfoundland and Labrador; the adventures are among men of the class who hunt for seals, and who fight with the elements that bring down ice floes and bergs. The adventures are consecutive, and the heroes, for there are two, do things, not in order to show off, or to illustrate a moral point, but because their blood must be kept warm in the Far North, and because among men they must be men

also. One will feel, after reading Billy's episodic career, that some definite impression remains of that far country. Mr. Duncan, like Stevenson, has shown that heroines are not always needed. A woman figures but slightly in these pages, and she is accustomed to the ruggedness of sea and land.

In its execution, Amos R. Wells's "Donald Barton and the Doings of the Ajax Club" (Little, Brown & Co.) is disappointing. It commits the dire mistake of having its hero spend too much thought on right doing. The good boys of a community are opposed by a very rough set of bad boys. There are doubts, misgivings, and suspicions, centring around a park owned by a crusty old man who tries to keep the public off his land. Donald Barton is unjustly thrown into prison, and is saved by a minister, who, with the aid of the usual heroic girl, brings retribution upon the chief figures of the "gang," who have done everything from lying to setting barns afire. Then, since all is seemingly quiet, the rest of the story tells how the private park, with its disreputable crowds, is gradually turned into a healthy, public pleasure ground. Though there is the highest intent in this, the author has somehow missed his mark. Alas for the tale written with an eye looking down upon boyhood!

E. Nesbit has just barely escaped such criticism. "The Railway Children" (The Macmillan Co.) are two girls and a boy, forced to live away from London, with their mother, in reduced circumstances. It turns out in the end that the father of these children, accused of selling state secrets, and imprisoned therefor, was unjustly suspected. An Old Gentleman, who passes morning and night on a suburban train, and who never fails to wave to the children, brings the dénouement to a happy close. In the meanwhile the children become noted figures down by the railroad. Chief among them is "Bobbie," a girl, of course, and in the midst of saving trains, rescuing boys from tunnels, capturing a Russian, and the like, she is the only one who realizes the loneliness of her mother. Many things they did were better left unrecorded, but the sum total is harmless and goodnatured. The interest—of which there is a fair amount—is fortunately independent of the weak pen-and-ink drawings. As an English tale, and as a story of wide appeal, this book is far surpassed by Mrs. Harker's "Concerning Paul and Fiametta" (Charles Scribner's Sons), which is a delightful example of an author's intimate knowledge of juvenile ways.

It is difficult to indicate that borderland which separates childhood from youth. For readers in the latter division Roy Rolfe Gilson contributes a poetic account of "Katrina" (Baker & Taylor Company), a girl who grows up in constant association with a Mr. Larry, a newspaper gentleman worthy of Dickens, in his humor and quiet sadness. In this child before him, he sees bud forth the image of her mother, whom he loved in days gone by. But where, on Katrina's part, the intercourse ripens into a deep friendship, the man realizes a deeper love for her at the moment he finds her taken from him by another. Mr. Gilson has produced a satisfactory bit of writing. What girl does not like to cry just a little

over books, and, as for that matter, how many grown-ups would miss the chance!

These grown-ups are, after all, not so far removed from the realm of juvenile fiction. There is a lurking sense of ignorance, a smiting sarcasm in those books we give to girls and boys under the titles "Legends Every Child Should Know" (edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie; Doubleday, Page & Co.), and "Songs Every Child Should Know" (edited by Dolores Bacon; Doubleday, Page & Co.). Many an older person would profit by conning the legends, for in no other way, probably, would they become familiar with "Beowulf" or countless other tales that stimulate household imagination. Mr. Mabie's introduction is interesting, even though not illuminating. The music included by Mrs. Bacon in her compilation, is, to say the least, inclusive in its scope. The words, the arias, and the concise histories of the songs themselves, are entertaining. But such a book should be graded rather than arranged artificially into groups of Sentiment, War, Chants, Hymns, and the like. Take, for instance, the Shakspeare section. We might teach our seventeen-year-old daughter "It Was a Lover and His Lass" or "O, Mistress Mine." But simpler melodies, such as we find in the "St. Nicholas Song Book," would better suit the palate, as well as the vocal range, of those under fourteen. Mrs. Bacon is too generous, though her idea is excellent.

There are two classes of the heroic that children like: the legendary, of which Homer's "Odyssey" is a type; the historical, of which Ethel Wedgewood's English version of "The Memoirs of the Lord of Joinville" is another. The Rev. A. J. Church ("The Odyssey for Boys and Girls"; The Macmillan Co.) is familiar to young readers; he has done much to bring the classic world within modern range, and in his "Odyssey" the wanderings of Ulysses are adequately represented both in text and pictures. It is doubtful whether many boys of average patience will go far in the Joinville memoirs, though there be much of the adventurous in them (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The translator, if such a word can be applied to the author, has done a worthy piece of work, which will be more useful than popular; more lasting to the old than absorbing to the young.

Coming to modern days, the rise of Abraham Lincoln from cabin to White House has its wide appeal and never loses in reiteration. In the face of what her father did before her, Miss Helen Nicolay's "Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln" (The Century Co.) is not only creditable but comprehensive. "The heritage of his example" are the last words in the book, and they epitomize the vast secret of the value of all historical reading for children.

CURRENT FICTION.

Beached Keels. By Henry M. Rideout. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The present commentator read two of the three stories in this volume as they first appeared in magazines. They impressed him strongly—an impression confirmed and deepened by rereading. "Wild Justice" stands out with almost startling distinctness against the pale mediocrity of current

magazine fiction. In certain quarters, this story might conceivably give offense by its realism, in others by its sentimentalism. This combination of qualities suggests certain tales by F. J. Stimson ("J. S. of Dale"), in which a similar attempt is made to portray the mingled sordidness and romance of our New England coast villages. A filial love of singular steadfastness and delicacy is here offset against the gross intriguing of a foul though physically alluring woman. The instinctive vengeance, or wild justice, of a pure, loyal, and longsuffering spirit against the crowning desecration of a mother's memory is the consummation toward which the events relentlessly carry us. The avenger gives himself up to legal justice; in this, too, we acquiesce. There is no glorification of lynch law, or belittling of statute law.

Georgie. By Dorothea Deakin. New York: The Century Co.

The male inconstant has at least one fixed quality—his value in print. Steadfast in fickleness, he may be an Abraham Cowley, a Don Juan, a Lothario, or perhaps the Trenholm whom Mrs. Wright pictured in "The Aliens," the man who was, as said one of his relicts, "part of our education." Or he may be a "Georgie," differing from all these. This modern young athlete, with his beguiling smile, is not a knight who flirts and runs away. Rather is he, or is meant to be, a hopelessly, helplessly engaging boy whose small heart-affairs flutter about him, and perch upon him, charming him, annoying him, involving him by turns. It is they that are butterflies rather than he. Among them he stands occupying a boyish, scampish, serio-comic central position till at last Fate drives him away to South America.

The book is frankly comic with the unmistakable touch of Great Britain in its quality of fun, particularly in those passages which reproduce the American girl's dialect as conceived by the English humorist. They must be seen to be not believed. But though belonging to the bubbles of bookmaking, the story is of an ingratiating kind, and serves to wreath an hour in half-protesting smiles.

The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard. By John Bennett. New York: The Century Co.

A remarkably ingenious and vigorous yarn of mystery, involving hidden staircases, spooks, negro legends, a double cipher, and more particularly a vast treasure hidden in the depths of a South Carolina swamp. The author would probably add love to our list, but we found gratefully little of this over-marketed commodity, and that easily negligible. It is pathetic to see how difficult it is for the most well-meaning tale-spinners to stand out altogether against the public's, or publisher's, demand for what is known to the trade as "heart-interest." Mr. Bennett has based his style upon Stevenson, now fairly to be considered the classical model for this sort of work:

"Dod, man, you look merry," said Geake, with a croak of mocking laughter.

At the man's gross impudence my gorge rose; my hands itched; I detested him, not because I could not prevail to move him, but for his callousness of feeling, and that he had no mercy. If the profanity one

thinks but does not utter stands against one's long account, I must throw myself upon the mercy of Heaven, for my thoughts were piebald with it.

Is there anything in "David Balfour" more like "David Balfour" than this? The total effect of the story, however, is not Stevensonian. It contains no blood-warming series of adventures. The hero seeks and finds his treasure, not by means of his good sword and good luck, but by his natural wit, his professional skill, and the intuition of his sweetheart. When they really set out to find the treasure, it is simply as in youth one looks in a "key" to verify the answer to a problem. But for such as delight in cryptograms, and love to see a detective intelligence finding its way unerringly among a puzzling maze of facts, as somewhat frequently happens in fiction, the book will contain action enough. Great pains are taken to give the ancient documents quoted an air of verisimilitude; and the maps are clever and quaint. Unfortunately, we should say, there are a number of other illustrations, apparently after photographs, which represent the supposed hero and heroine as far less attractive than the text suggests. They look as if they deserved to marry each other, as we gather that they actually did.

NOTES FOR BIBLIOPHILES

A Bibliography of James Russell Lowell. By George Willis Cooke. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is the second in the series of bibliographies of American authors issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; and, like the Hawthorne bibliography, it is printed on one side of the leaf of a good quality of rag paper, which permits annotations and additions in ink. The edition is limited to 530 copies. Collectors of first editions of Lowell will probably be the persons by whom the book is most consulted; and from the collector's point of view this bibliography has serious shortcomings. The collector wants a list, in one consecutive chronological series, of the first editions of books which his author wrote, of those to which he contributed, and of those which he edited or translated. The collations, at least of the rarer items, should be given, with the points which distinguish the earliest issue of the first edition if there should be any variation in copies. The greater part of this information is to be found between the covers of this bibliography, but it is so scattered as to be hardly usable. Mr. Cooke in his Preface says that "as a literary worker he has had in mind the requirements of students rather than collectors in the arrangement of his materials." Many collectors of Lowell's books are among his most ardent students, and every student will, if his means permit, be more or less of a collector.

The book begins with an almost one-line-title list of Lowell's published books. Here is found the rare specially issued "Mason and Slidell" of 1862, but neither the London nor the Birmingham editions of the lecture "On Democracy," 1884. *Harvardiana* and *The Pioneer* are included, but not the Boston *Miscellany*, for which Lowell was also a leading writer. Then follows a list of bibliographies of Lowell in which George V. W. Duryea, the well-known col-

lector, who contributed an article to the *Book Buyer* on first editions of Lowell, becomes "George W. W. Durgée." Next comes the "Alphabetical List of Single Titles" of Lowell's writings in prose and verse, including reviews and editorial comments in the various periodicals with which Lowell was connected. This list gives the date (of a periodical) or the volume in which each piece first appeared, as well as titles of volumes in which each was first collected. The preparation of this list, if as accurate and complete as on first glance it seems to be, must have taken an immense amount of research. It is information not readily accessible elsewhere. There are altogether about 780 titles of poems, essays, reviews, addresses, etc., many of which have never been reprinted in any edition of the collected works. Nor does this list, with two or three exceptions, include the numerous letters of Lowell, which have been printed in periodicals, catalogues, transactions of societies, etc., either before or since his death.

The next section, the "Chronological List of Separate Works and Editions," is the most important to the collector. This begins with Vol. iv. of *Harvardiana*, of which Lowell was one of the editors, and to which he was an important contributor. Except *Harvardiana* and *The Pioneer*, this list does not include periodicals or books edited by Lowell; nor does it include any books to which Lowell was a contributor only, such, for example, as the long series of that famous annual, "The Liberty Bell," the "Victoria Regia," etc. The edited books are in a special list; the books contributed to cannot be found at all except by title of the poem or article in the alphabetical list already referred to. Within these limitations, barring some omissions which we shall note, this section is very full. Besides first editions, later reprints are given as well. Collations of important books are generally complete, and in the case of first editions the original binding is generally described. The contents of books made up or separate pieces are printed in detail. In the case of important books, records of sales at auction are appended. Contemporary criticisms and notices are also in many cases referred to.

Within the limits set by the compiler—and considering the first editions only—we note the following corrigenda, which purchasers of the book may wish to enter on the blank pages:

Lowell's first separately printed piece, that excessively rare broadside poem, "To the Class of '38, by Their Ostracized Poet (so-called), J. R. L.," is not included; nor is it found in the alphabetical list of single titles. We have never seen a copy, but a half-tone reproduction is shown in Edward Everett Hale's "James Russell Lowell and his Friends."

"A Year's Life" is described as having a slip of errata. The errors were not discovered until some copies had been bound and sent out. The earliest issue, therefore, did not contain the errata slip.

No mention is made of the fact that some copies of the "Poems" of 1844 were on large paper, though the sale of one copy (a duplicate from Brown University, 1901, \$150), is incorporated in the list of auction records, without comment. This large-paper issue is rare, but there are at least five copies in private collections in New York.

The binding of the first edition of the "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets"

is put down as cloth. The book was, however, issued in a lithographed cover, the cover of some copies being dated 1845, of others 1846. The copy which brought \$100 in the Bartlett sale in 1903 was in stiff illuminated boards. The second edition, 1846, was in cloth.

The Second Series of "Poems," 1848, was issued in boards, paper label, as well as in cloth, as noted. This was also true of the "Fables for Critics."

There are two varieties of title-page of the first series of "The Biglow Papers." Some copies have the Cambridge imprint only; others, probably those made for the New York and Southern and Western market, have also George P. Putnam's New York imprint. The latter is the one transcribed by Mr. Cooke. Collectors prefer the former. Of this book also some copies were published in boards, with paper label. Mr. Cooke notes only the cloth binding.

"The Vision of Sir Launfal," 1848, is described as issued in cloth. It was issued in yellow glazed paper boards.

The "Poems" of 1849 described as published in boards, was also issued in cloth.

The exceedingly rare "Mason and Slidell," 1862, a "separate" printed from the types of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is not found in this chronological list. A copy brought \$175 in the Arnold sale of 1901. Only some three or four copies are known.

Portions of the Second Series of the "Biglow Papers," which in large part appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1862 and 1863, and which were not collected in this country until 1867, were reprinted earlier in book form in England. Parts 1 to 3 were issued separately in 1862 by Trübner & Co. at one shilling each. These little pamphlets, which are very rare, are noted by Mr. Cooke. He does not, however, note the slightly less rare London collection of 1865 issued by the same publisher. This included Nos. 1 to 7 only; four additional chapters, besides an Introduction and the revised form of the poem "The Courtin'," were added to the American edition in 1867. This first issue of Trübner's collected edition consists of title and 133 pages of text. There is another edition of the same date, with title slightly different but apparently printed from the same types. The sixth line of the title of the first issue reads "Authorized Edition," of the second "Authorized People's Edition." The first issue, with seven chapters only, has 133 pages of text. An eighth chapter was added to the second issue, the paging extending to page 141. The position of the signature marks differs in the two editions. The first is A to H, each eight leaves; with one preliminary leaf for the title, the signature marks being on pages 1, 17, 33, etc. The second issue is A to I, each eight leaves, the title leaf being included in the first signature, which is without mark. The signature marks in this issue are on pages 15, 31, etc.

Hotten's edition of 1865 of "The Biglow Papers," with illustrations by George Cruikshank, noted by Mr. Cooke in his list of editions of the Second Series, is an error. This was actually the First Series.

The earliest issue of "Under the Willows" should contain an erratum slip, as noted. In later copies the error was corrected, and no slip is necessary.

A few copies of "Among my Books," Second Series, evidently the first sent out, have the date 1875 in the copyright notice. This was afterwards corrected to 1876. This "point" seems to have been unknown to Mr. Cooke.

The lecture "On Democracy," delivered by Mr. Lowell in Birmingham on October 6, 1884, had been put in type in London and a few copies run off before it was delivered. It was afterwards printed as a pamphlet by Cond (not Coud) Bros. in Birmingham. This latter edition is the only one mentioned by Mr. Cooke in this chronological list. But in the list of "Addresses and Speeches" he distinctly states that the Birmingham edition is the first and the London edition the second. This is an error, as a comparison of the two editions clearly shows.

The later sections of the Bibliography are "Collected Works," "Works Edited by Lowell," "Addresses and Speeches," "Bibliog-

raphies, Letters, Reminiscences," "Notices and Criticisms," and a note about Lowell's manuscript correspondence now in the library of Harvard University. Collectors will be surprised to find that interesting skit "Il Pesceballo" under the head of "Works Edited."

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of this city offers at auction on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next week a collection of book-plates and engravings. The book-plates, many of them early, are almost entirely American. Among the engravings, practically all American, are specimens of the work of J. Norman, Amos Doolittle, William Rollinson, Alexander Anderson, and Peter and Samuel Maverick. On Thursday the same firm sells a collection of autographs and manuscripts, including a manuscript poem (three stanzas) by Francis Scott Key, and a transcript, in the author's autograph, of "America."

At the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co.'s auction of November 26 and 27 Pierce Egan's "Life in London," 1821, illustrated by George Cruikshank and finely bound in levant by Rivière, brought \$51; a first edition of Goldsmith's "Life of Beau Nash," 1762, bound in calf by Rivière, \$18; the Kelmescott Press "Poems" of Shakspeare, 1893, printed in vellum, \$33; other Kelmescott Press issues ranged from \$5.50 to \$21.

The copy of the rare second edition of Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," 1581, which sold at Hodgson's, in London, on November 29 for £180, was bought by a firm of New York booksellers, and is now on its way to America. At the same sale Spenser's "Complaints, Containing sundrie small Poemes of the Worlds Vanitie," 1591, first edition, brought £81. Compared with the "Shepherd's Calendar" the "Complaints" is a common book. Previous high records on the "Complaints" are £49 10s. at Sotheby's, in London, 1901; £45 in the same rooms, 1903; and £230 in the McKee sale at Anderson's in this city, 1901. The latter, a fine copy, had been Gaisford's, bringing £20 10s. at his sale in 1890. A copy of Lamb's "Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret," 1798, was sold for £93 at Hodgson's on November 29, though it had not been included in the printed catalogue. It was in the original boards, uncut, but had the reprinted title-page, "London, printed for Lee & Hurst." It was, of course, not to be compared with the copy with the original title-page, "Birmingham, printed by Thomas Pearson," which brought £122 at Sotheby's last July. With either title-page the book is exceedingly rare.

The House in St. Martin's Street: Being Chronicles of the Burney Family. By Constance Hill. With illustrations by Ellen G. Hill. New York: John Lane Company, \$7 net.

Of the tribe of gentlewomen who are exploiting the eighteenth century at their ease, Miss Hill is the least amateurish and most entertaining. Her "Juniper Hall," published three years ago, filled out our knowledge of a charming episode in the life of Fanny Burney. Her volume on the homes and friends of Jane Austen was another happily written volume, though not so novel in subject as the "Juniper Hall." The pres-

ent work is at once a pleasure and a disappointment. It is named from the old house of Sir Isaac Newton, which was occupied by the Burneys from 1774 to 1783, but in reality the book follows the family, especially Fanny, about during those years to Streatham, Chessington, Bath, Brighton, and elsewhere, in such a way that the title is a complete misnomer. There is no harm in this, and even a writer of much less ability than Miss Hill could scarcely make a dull book on this subject from the material accessible to all the world. But besides this Miss Hill has had access to the unprinted Burney MSS. still preserved in the family, including the diaries of Charlotte and Susan, letters written to and from Mr. Crisp, letters from Mrs. Thrale, Fanny's comedy of "The Witlings," and a mass of other stuff. She has drawn on this material freely; she would have made a far more acceptable book if she had used it exclusively and omitted commonplace reflection and all the hackneyed stories from printed sources.

The most notable of the chapters is that which contains a scene from Fanny's comedy "The Witlings," which she suppressed by the advice of her two daddies. Miss Hill, from a perusal of the whole play, confirms the judgment of Fanny's censors, but the specimen given is maliciously amusing and only strengthens one's regret that these new sources were not drawn on more heavily. At least one can now read with better appreciation the pages in Fanny's Memoirs which deal with the episode of the play. Of one of these censors, "Daddy" Crisp, we get in Miss Hill's book only tantalizing glimpses. Why did not Miss Hill print his letters to the Burneys in full? From the fragments given one guesses that they are far more characteristic than the correspondence with his sister recently published in the "Burford Papers."

Scribbling was a trait of the Burney family, and the diaries of Charlotte and Susan were only less voluminous than Fanny's. From both these sources Miss Hill gets a number of good anecdotes. Charlotte, the youngest of the sisters, was evidently a most intense and slangy young lady. In her record Garrick becomes if anything more boisterously gay than ever, and we see him caning a servant maid "up a whole flight of stairs, desiring at the same time to know what she laughed for"—all, of course, in good fun. And then, having reached Dr. Burney's study—the chaos, as it was called—he continued his antics in a milder vein:

He took off Dr. Johnson most admirably. Indeed, I enjoy'd it doubly from having been in his company: his *see-saw*, his *pawing* [just the words Fanny uses of him in her Diary], his very *look*, and his voice! He took him off in a speech (that has stuck in his gizzard ever since some friendly person was so obliging as to repeat it to him). . . . "Yes, yes; Davy has some convivial pleasantries in him; but 'tis a futile fellow."

In Susan's Diary we become better acquainted with Pacchierotti, "Sweet Pacc," as they dubbed him in St. Martin's Street, the singer who endeared himself to all the family and who appeared under his real name—to his own delight and surprise—as one of the characters of Fanny's "Cecilia." To Fanny he was devoted particularly, and we learn now from a letter written by her to Susan that on his last evening before leaving England he expressed

his devotion to her in unmistakable language. "Poor, sweet Pacchierotti!" exclaims Fanny in her letter. "What a strange world is this!" He lived to a happy old age, nevertheless, and his last words were a prayer to God "to be admitted to one of the humblest choirs in heaven."

Of another Italian singer who plays a sentimental part in the drama—tragedy in this case—of that circle we get several views. Everybody knows the sensation caused by the marriage of Mrs. Thrale to Piozzi, and how it broke up her friendship with Dr. Johnson and Fanny Burney. His first meeting with Mrs. Thrale—long before Mr. Thrale's death—is not so well known. It is related in Fanny's Memoir of her father and also in Charlotte's unpublished Diary:

Mrs. Thrale of the whole coterie was alone at her ease. She feared not Dr. Johnson, for fear made no part of her composition. . . . She suddenly but softly arose, and, stealing on tiptoe behind Signor Piozzi, who was accompanying himself on the pianoforte in an animated *aria parlante*, with his back to the company, she began imitating him by squaring her elbows, elevating them with ecstatic shrugs of the shoulders, and casting up her eyes, while languishingly reclining her head, as if she were not less enthusiastically struck with the transports of harmony than himself.

It is pleasant to read that Dr. Johnson, himself a great sinner against conventions, stopped the pantomime by whispering to her: "Because, madam, you have no ear yourself for music, will you destroy the attention of all who, in that one point, are otherwise gifted?"

Of such anecdotes Miss Hill's volume is composed—a thoroughly enjoyable excursion into the eighteenth century. The illustrations, in part line drawings of the houses and rooms where these scenes occurred, are capital.

Spinoza and Religion. By Elmer Ellsworth Powell. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. \$1.50.

Sympathetic exposition, such as is contained in Pollock's and Joachim's studies of Spinoza, either clarifies or makes more generally available, a point of view with which it may be important for every investigator to be acquainted. Or free interpretation, like that of Herder, may contribute directly to the advancement of philosophical knowledge. But refutation or disparagement, while it may be a valuable exercise for the writer, is otherwise important only in so far as it bears upon current tendencies, or lends itself to a purpose that is on the whole constructive. Judged in the light of these considerations, the importance of Professor Powell's "Spinoza and Religion" is questionable. Although the author defines his book as "a polemic against a mistaken interpretation of Spinoza's philosophy and personality," it shortly appears that this means an attack upon that philosopher's prestige, on the ground that he has been overrated. The present book is therefore an essay in belittlement. Professor Powell proves himself to be thoroughly conversant with Spinoza's writings, and with the meagre biographical data that may be drawn from other sources; but he employs these resources to urge against Spinoza the personal charge of

disingenuousness and timidity, the philosophical charge of obscurity and inconsistency, and the religious charge of atheism.

The unremitting disparagement of Spinoza's personal qualities appears most strikingly in the author's treatment of those episodes in his life which have hitherto been supposed to prove his moral courage and endurance of adversity. Thus after describing Spinoza's excommunication with all possible qualifications, he concludes with evident reluctance that "it must still be recognized that the experience through which he passed at this time could not have been a pleasant one, especially for a person of Spinoza's disposition." Of Spinoza's declination of the appointment to the University of Heidelberg, he remarks: "This act has been represented as an evidence of his divine indifference to honors, position, and riches. We pay more respect to his sanity when we attribute his refusal to the plain dictates of common sense." Now it ought to be clear that if Spinoza did not make any sacrifice in either of these cases, this fact in itself testifies to the completeness of his renunciation of worldly advantage for the sake of intellectual liberty. With any historical imagination it is impossible not to regard Spinoza as in this respect greatly superior in nobility to any of the philosophers of his period. He achieved his independence through the cultivation of his own intellectual and spiritual powers. Professor Powell either fails to appreciate this, or deliberately slights it. In either case he leaves the reader with the false impression that Spinoza followed the line of least resistance, and allowed circumstances to dictate his fortune.

Professor Powell is less impressed with the boldness of the thought in the "Theologico-Political Treatise," and of Spinoza's determination to publish it, than he is with its use of religious language in "an accommodated sense." And it is suggested that because the last part of the "Ethics" was composed "when his ears were ringing with the charges of atheism," Spinoza there "carries further than ever his policy of clothing non-religious conceptions in the phraseology of religion." But such depreciatory judgments can be made plausible only through subordinating the central events of Spinoza's life to a doubtful interpretation of minor circumstances. If timidity had been fundamentally characteristic of Spinoza, he would have lived and died an orthodox Jew. If accommodation had been his characteristic method he would have used his philosophical ability to gain the favor of political and ecclesiastical authorities, as did Descartes and Leibniz. It is the main fact in his life that he did neither, but preferred his intellectual self-respect to anything that society could give him. The charge that his manner of writing was conciliatory is then either untrue, if taken to be significant, or insignificant, if taken to be true. Regarding the fact, the best proof of Spinoza's sincerity is to be found in the character of his influence, and in the tone of his writings. Among contemporaries, and among students of philosophy from the time of Herder and Jacobi, he has won the respect and devotion of those best qualified to understand him. His manner is not effusive and apologetic, but simple and direct.

When, as in the case of final causes, he is opposed to the common view, he does not evade the issue, but speaks flatly and unambiguously. It is true that his forms of statement are constructive rather than destructive; but, saving Professor Powell, we may readily understand this from the fact that he never lost his positive religious grasp of God, and sought only to formulate his belief in terms consistent with the first principles of philosophy.

The most solid part of Professor Powell's book is his analysis of Spinoza's metaphysical system. Through default of criticism, the "Ethics" has enjoyed "the quite unwarrantable reputation of being a masterpiece of iron logic." Pursuing on the whole a method of negative criticism, the author demonstrates Spinoza's various ambiguities and inconsistencies; and the majority of his criticisms are sound and instructive. But we must pass on to Professor Powell's main contention, to the effect that there is an irreconcilable opposition between Spinozism and religion. Religion is "the emotions and activities determined by belief in a higher personal power, or in higher personal powers, with whom man is assumed to sustain relations." It is because Spinoza fails to provide these higher personal powers that he fails to afford a ground for religion. Now, strange as it may seem, the author deals with the element of divine personality in religion with no reference whatsoever to the function of the religious imagination, a consideration which in this connection is of the greatest importance. The attitude of worship undoubtedly attributes personality to its object. But the really serious problem for the philosophy of religion is to determine the degree to which the attitude of worship itself supplies that element. Anthropomorphisms are commonly the consequence, and not the cause, of the worshipper's hope, fear, reverence, or adoration; and therefore are not implied beliefs, but rather the *imaginative treatment of beliefs*. To worship anything is to personify it; but this does not mean that only persons are worshipful. To insist that whatever is essential to the attitude of worship must be theoretically attributed to the object, is to ignore the fact that religion, like poetry and conversation, is a mode of construing objects of theoretical belief; and is largely constituted of elements which it freely creates, or gradually acquires in the historical development of its own peculiar symbolism. Religion unquestionably includes an element of belief; but that belief has reference primarily to the individual's dependence on ultimate powers, to his hope of safety or favor at their hands, and not to their metaphysical constitution. In the case of Spinoza, the author urges that God is not defined as a person, with "cognitive and volitional consciousness"; while he neglects the really significant fact that the universe according to Spinoza is the supreme object of the will and affections. Whether truly or falsely, Spinoza teaches that through the cultivation of the understanding the individual may come to look upon the universe in all its necessity and impersonality as the highest fulfilment of his own life. The immutable truth is an object to be revered and loved, not as a fellow human being, but as the goal of aspiration, as an object transcending all moral and æsthetic values. That Spinoza and others as well have

found an object so defined to be a possible object for the religious sentiments, testifies to their imaginative temperament and capacity, and does not fall within the scope of logical criticism. Professor Powell is forced to deny the religious quality not only of mysticism, but of all the more philosophical and enlightened forms of reverence and consecration that tend to multiply as the race becomes sophisticated. He is brought to the false position of regarding religion, not as a necessary human interest grounded in the general circumstances of human life, but as a special doctrine subject to refutation at the hands of science or philosophy.

Nevertheless, the reader will find this issue, which is very general in its bearings, discussed by Professor Powell with great acuteness. Here, as throughout, the author demonstrates his familiarity with the field and his liveliness of interest. The style, furthermore, is excellent, and does much to redeem a book which is otherwise too doggedly iconoclastic to be either stimulating or pleasing.

Fire and Sword in the Caucasus. By Luigi Villari. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: James Pott & Co. \$3.50 net.

"Russian Colonial Policy" would be an appropriate sub-title for this work, as it is a graphic picture of the way in which the Tsar rules subject races. The author was in the Caucasus during the summer and autumn of 1905, and visited every important centre of political unrest, and interviewed "people of all classes, races, and religions, from the viceroy down to simple peasants, from the chief of the secret police to the Georgian revolutionary leaders." His narrative is introduced by a brief sketch of the country, its people and history, from which some appreciation of the difficulties of the governmental problem can be obtained. Chief among these is the fact that in a district not so large as Spain there are some fifty or sixty races with different languages or dialects. Since this tract is the pathway connecting two continents, numberless migrations of peoples have passed over it, each leaving some of its members behind in secluded valleys and rocky fastnesses. At the present day, there are on the slopes of a mountain in Daghestan seven villages, each speaking a different language. Though the Russians have ruled these peoples for a century and have aroused no such hatred as in Poland, yet Transcaucasia at least has not become Russian, and there is no union between the different peoples. The Georgians, Armenians, Turks, and other nationalities have preserved their languages and their racial characteristics intact, and in many cases, especially the most civilized, they are imbued with strong nationalist feelings.

The author's route was from Batum on the Black Sea east to Baku on the Caspian, and from thence to Mt. Ararat, the meeting-point of the three empires, Turkey, Persia, and Russia. Then he turned northward to Tiflis, and crossed the central mountain chain by the famous Darial Pass. He describes not only the incidents of the journey, giving his impressions of the country, the people, and their mode

of life, but he also tells the story of the disturbances in each place visited, and their causes. This is derived mostly from the testimony of eye-witnesses, for he himself apparently saw no great outbreak except at Vladikavkaz. Here during a demonstration on November 1, on the occasion of the Tsar's manifesto promising reforms, a student was beaten to death and two schoolboys carrying red flags were "literally torn to pieces" by a mob, while the Cossacks fired upon all indiscriminately, and looted Armenian shops and houses. Fighting had ceased for the time at Baku, but a general sense of expectation and anxiety hung over the town—a fear which was justified by a third pogrom a few weeks after he left. On the oil-fields an appalling scene of destruction met his eyes. "It was more like some frightful nightmare than a reality."

Here he found the acutest phase of that hostility between the Tartars and Armenians which is the chief disturbing element in the Caucasus. The cause was very evident. The great bulk of the native population of the province of Baku is Tartar. But with the development of the oil industry the Armenians came, and with their superior education, their greater intelligence and energy, acquired a controlling influence in the town. Though numerically inferior they form a majority on the town council, and they are represented by five members out of seven on the *Soviet Siedz* (council of naphtha producers). "The Armenian workmen are much less tractable than the Tartars. They demand better food and higher wages, more comfortable lodgings, baths, reading-rooms, etc., whereas the Tartars are content with anything that is given them. The Armenians belong to workmen's societies, and if they do not get what they want they organize strikes, and even take part in revolutionary movements." All over the Caucasus they are to be found as bankers, merchants, shopkeepers, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors, teachers, engineers, and officials, and we are not surprised at his conviction that they are the most capable race in the Caucasus and will become the predominating element in the country.

Still more interesting in some respects are the Georgians, who though lacking the practical spirit of the Armenians are a more intelligent people, with strong literary tastes. "Every village has its own library, and even those furthest from the Government post stations provide their own mail service so as to receive the daily papers from Tiflis, Batum, and Russia." Their political aspirations have been till recently for the autonomy promised them by treaty, but never granted. This aim is now abandoned since the Social Democrats have come among them, and a republic based on socialist theories was established two years ago at Ozurgety. Mr. Villari visited the town, which lies some distance from the railway and contains about 5,000 inhabitants:

The administration was carried on by the inhabitants themselves in the most communistic manner, each man contributing his share of money or labor for the common good. They worked in shifts to maintain the roads and bridges, and one sometimes saw nobles, priests, peasants, and shopkeepers all manfully doing their turn of work. Native schools have taken the place of Russian ones, and the children

are taught the three R's, combined with socialist principles in the Georgian tongue. Civil and criminal actions are brought before the *Narodny Sud* (popular tribunal), but the old forms of punishment have been abolished; no one can be legally put to death, nor even imprisoned. The usual penalty is boycotting for a longer or shorter period, and as the community is practically unanimous, the process can be carried out very effectively. He describes a trial which he witnessed of a man who had been convicted of adultery and condemned to perpetual boycott. The accused appealed to an assembly of some two hundred people, mostly peasants, of all ages and both sexes, for a remission of the sentence, promising to reform. An animated discussion on the merits of the case followed, and finally a resolution in the culprit's favor was moved. Each member of the assembly then went into the church, where a peasant recorded the votes, "while a priest stood by to give a religious sanction to the proceedings." The movement is characterized by such a remarkable unanimity that the Russian viceroy told Mr. Villari that he meant to regularize and legalize the *Narodny Sud*, "which administers justice far more honestly and efficiently than do the State tribunals." The situation changed soon after Mr. Villari left. Desperate fighting has taken place in and around Ozurgety, and the whole province has been drenched in blood.

The causes of the present condition are not far to seek. The Viceroy himself admitted to the author that the chief evil of the Caucasus was its bad administration, and ill-paid and dishonest officials. The reader will close Mr. Villari's book with the conviction that there is absolutely no distinction between the Russian rule in the Caucasus and that of Turkey in Macedonia. In each the aim is not the welfare of the governed, but simply the retention of supreme power. And in each case this is accomplished by directly fomenting the racial hostilities of the subject peoples.

The numerous reproductions of the author's photographs are interesting, and add substantially to his narrative.

The Flock. By Mary Austin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In the Georgics, Virgil blended husbandry, beauty, and observation from a poetic angle, with knowledge of his own craft. To make a long skip, Richard Jefferies recorded both what he saw and the connection between things seen and things remembered—tradition, history, and an undercurrent of well-subordinated science. In "The Life of the Bee," and in his wonderful sketch of the dog, Maeterlinck adds to all of these qualities his own poetic philosophy of life. With the same sentiment for nature, Thomas Hardy uses his knowledge as a setting for his groups of rustic human beings. While showing points of likeness to all of these, Mary Austin, in "The Flock," at once establishes herself as their worthy kinswoman, never their imitator. That strain runs in her blood which makes her see and feel as they do. It is not the abstract and detached observation of Thoreau, it is at once more purposeful and more romantic, in fact, more warm-blooded.

Whether this be a question of personality, or of her inspiring surroundings, the product stands quite apart. Baldly stated, it is no more than a study of the sheep industry in California, with a slender thread of historic narrative, a picture of sheep herding, a word for irrigation. This summary of "The Flock," however, bears about as much relation to the actual achievement as a statement that the first book of the Georgics is a treatise on agriculture, or that the "Pêcheurs d'Islande" has to do with salt fish. In the opening chapter you learn how domestic sheep first came to Monterey. You have no sense of being instructed, you merely feel that the author is talking agreeably and discursively on a subject of deep interest to herself, and in a manner that makes you a willing listener.

Mary Austin's method is to give you the picture, sky, flowers, animals, and men. You see it all as if you had just come from your Pullman car to a shearing. Gradually she explains a little, the breed of sheep, of dogs, of shepherds; how they have come over long and weary trails, following feed and water; how forest preservation has brought about struggles between herders and rangers; how a beneficent law may, in its first working, make for injustice, as when, at the end of a long journey, the expected pasture is a preserve, and the ranger does his duty while sheep starve and die, in order that the region may be saved from perpetual drought. All this she tells, with anecdotes of the ways of sheep, with bits of legend and of tradition, tales of finessing on the part of herders and of sagacious dogs. She likewise stops for queer speculations on the development of the animal mind; and pauses to let you infer what analogy you please between the "flock-mind" (of which she says "I cannot very well say what it is, except that it is less than the sum of all their intelligences") and the crowd-mind of humanity. With the closest observation and sympathy where animals are concerned, she does not sentimentalize about them: she makes the limits of instinct quite as clear as its scope. Of some five hundred sheep charging over a precipice to escape a bear, she says: "The brute instinct had warned them asleep, but could not save them awake." Her chapter on the dog is particularly delightful, his business with the flock is described as "a trick man has played on the dog to constitute him the guardian of his natural prey"; and the whole analysis of what the collie means to the herd, and what the herd means to the collie, is entirely free from false observation or obstructive theorizing.

And so the book rambles on through a shepherd's year, leaving you with a sense of refreshment, with a desire to join the hairy little Basques and Frenchmen on their long journeys, to eat savory messes out of their black camp pots, to lie under the sky with dogs and flocks, lulled to sleep by the "blether" of ewes and the bark of distant coyotes. The charm of the whole lies in three qualities: the novelty and interest of the subject, the picturesque texture of the author's mind, and in a style which is both cultivated and racy, and adapted to conveying her unusual sense of beauty.

Reminiscences from My Childhood and Youth. By Georg Brandes. New York: Duffield & Co. \$2.50 net.

When Georg Brandes, in 1871, began that first series of lectures on "Main Currents in European Literature," from which a new epoch may be counted, not only in Danish, but in Scandinavian literature, he was already well known as the foremost student of literature among the younger Danes, as a brilliant essayist and critic, and as a thoroughgoing radical. He had been abroad several times, had studied in Paris under Taine, whose personal acquaintance he had made, as well as that of Renan and John Stuart Mill, had translated the latter's "Subjection of Women," had written his doctor's dissertation on Taine as the exponent of French æsthetics, and had attacked Rasmus Nielsen's attempt to reconcile dogma and science. His "Reminiscences from my Childhood and Youth" tells the story of his life up to 1871, and throws an extremely interesting light on his preparation for his career. One could have wished for more light on his intellectual and scientific development and for less attention to trivial details. For instance, the whole of the digression, called "Filomena," might very well have been omitted. There is, particularly in the latter half of the book, a certain lack of proportion and coherence. But it is in many ways an interesting book, especially in its first chapters, which deal with his childhood and early boyhood. Brandes was evidently a very precocious youth. When at fifteen or sixteen he read Lermontoff's "A Hero of Our Times," he imagined that in Petrusjövín he could recognize himself. Already at school he was filled with ideas of a great goal, which, however, "was very indefinite, and was to the general effect that I intended to make myself strongly felt, and bring about great changes in the intellectual world; of what kind was uncertain." Later, his ideas developed more distinctly, and he felt himself as one who would contribute to the great literary revival which he believed was imminent. When, therefore, a couple of years later, Ibsen wrote him that he ought to be one of the leaders in the coming "revolt of the human mind," Brandes was neither unprepared nor unwilling.

The translation of the book is, unfortunately, not very good. Not only is Brandes's nervous, individual style entirely lost, but the translator shows lamentable ignorance of idiomatic English. Too often we meet words and sentences that evince a diligent, though unintelligent use of the dictionary; for instance: "The best free research men," "Association with a multiplicity of people," "There was a sacrist odor about all that he said," "An instance of paradoxicalness." The index is indifferent.

Drama.

"SAINTE THÉRÈSE," BY MENDES.

PARIS, November 23.

The "Sainte Thérèse" of Catulle Mendès, with Sarah Bernhardt swathed as a nun in the title rôle, has had a succès de curiosité after a year's public wrangle between au-

thor and actress, and a *succès d'estime*, for both are personages of age and importance in their world. It is only fair to cite the opinion of Émile Faguet of the French Academy: "This is by far the finest dramatic poem which M. Catulle Mendès has written; it is one of the finest in French literature!" The discordant note is sounded from the Saint's wall-enclosed, mediæval city of Avila, where bishop, priest, and people have gone in procession to a solemn ceremony of expiation for the dishonor done to their unique glory.

All those who have acquaintance at first hand with the writings of that most brilliant constellation of ascetics and mystics whom the world has yet seen—the Master of Avila, Francisco de Borja, Pedro de Alcantara, Juan de la Cruz, to name only those in personal contact with St. Theresa—and who have been curious enough to trace their influence, not only in Spain, but over the whole contemplative life of Europe—in Bossuet and Fénelon and all Port Royal, in Jeremy Taylor and the Wesleys, and perhaps even in Jonathan Edwards—are sure to resent the poet's rough-handling of the Saint. She has her revenge by being a constant puzzle to the understanding of the play and the chief obstacle to its interest.

Neither on the part of poet or of critic is there any excuse for this lack of insight into the intellectual side of religious experience, since two historic works of the higher French literature—Bossuet's "Instruction sur les États d'Oraison" and Fénelon's "Maximes des Saints"—are at hand to show the "reasonable service" of St. Theresa's mind. Now the heroine of M. Mendès's poem is an evident victim of pure emotionalism, with details seemingly copied from the erotic hysteria described in the school of Charcot. The well-known verses of the Saint, with which Crashaw has glorified our English poetry, are brought into the play in a manner which makes one shudder to think what the poet would have done with Charles Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul."

M. Mendès, with a tone of surprise, says he has taken all from the Saint's story of her own life. Yet his presentation scarcely accorded with her unphysical vision of hell—the spirit of man confined apart from the Being who is his only End—and her conception of that higher union with God, wherein the soul may pass beyond the revealing Humanity of Christ to rest in Divinity alone.

The facts in the play are quite as arbitrary historically. Sarah Bernhardt's popping in and out of Inquisition councils and cells is not like that method of trial which, at least, was never wanting in legal ceremonies and even has its lineal descendant in the French *juge d'instruction*.

Dramatic Opinions and Essays. By G. Bernard Shaw. 2 vols. New York: Brentano. \$2.50 net.

These volumes are made up of the papers contributed by George Bernard Shaw, in his capacity of dramatic critic, to the London *Saturday Review*, between January, 1895, and May, 1898, and contain a large amount of entertaining matter. It is doubtful, however, whether the collection will prove beneficial to his reputation. Brilliant as his writing often is, with its apt-

ness of allusion and comparison, its sparkling wit and reckless audacity, it can only be thoroughly enjoyed when taken in small doses. Its affectations of a monstrous egoism, of omniscience, of hostility to all established order and enthusiasm for everything that is revolutionary or strange, its flippancy, shallowness, and not infrequent insincerity, soon pall upon the reader.

Mr. Shaw is most effective in indiscriminate attack. It is impossible not to relish the skill with which he uses the sharp weapons of mockery and ridicule, even when exasperated by the patent fallacy of his premises or the bumptiousness of his conclusions. But when he condescends, as he does sometimes in his saner moments, to dispense with his usual embroidery of whim and paradox, he can be capable of acute and searching criticism. For instance, his castigation of Pinero's plays, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith," is thoroughly sound and efficacious, although, naturally, he is not at all concerned about the moral side of the question. He has some shrewd comment, too, on Sarah Bernhardt's later performances, but exhibits his instinctive perversity in comparing her elocution to that of Miss Ada Rehan, which he professes to deem superior. Elsewhere, in order presumably to show the independence of his judgment, he bitterly assails the acting of Sir Henry Irving in "Waterloo," which, as a bit of pure and highly finished histrionism, was one of the most notable achievements of the modern stage. The little play in itself, of course, was a trifling affair, but certainly does not deserve the contempt he pours upon it. One of the most characteristic examples of his work, strangely compounded of keen observation, just comment, and rattle-pated nonsense, is his review of "Henry IV." at the London Haymarket. But it is not necessary to go further for examples. Most persons who know Mr. Shaw at all know him pretty thoroughly by this time, and read him for amusement only, not for profit or instruction. But it is a thousand pities that his agile intellect is not ballasted with conscience and common sense.

The latest play on the subject of political corruption is "The Man of the Hour," by George Broadhurst, which was produced in the Savoy Theatre, in this city, on Tuesday evening, with good prospect of success. It deals entirely with municipal politics, and illustrates the grosser forms of graft, with a considerable measure of theatrical effect, but not much dramatic art. Mr. Broadhurst, chiefly known hitherto as a writer of farcical pieces, has committed the common error of inexperienced dramatists, in overloading his story with all sorts of startling incidents, complications, and coincidences, and his hero with phenomenal trials and virtues. But the play contains several exceedingly effective situations and some clever character drawing. The two rival "bosses" are sketched with admirable vigor and vitality, and are uncommonly well played by Frank MacVicar and George Fawcett. A capital performance of the young mayor, whom no temptation can beguile from the path of duty, was given by Frederick Perry. What the play needs most is revision by a competent playwright. It might easily be made

a work of superior quality. As it stands, it is only a creditable effort in the right direction.

The Macmillan Company publishes "Scorn of Women," a three-act comedy by Jack London, who has laid his scene in Dawson, Northwest Territory, and filled it in with the appropriate atmosphere and color. Whether it would be as effective in stage representation as it is in the reading is doubtful, as more of the story is unfolded in dialogue than in action, and the dramatic motive is chiefly conspicuous by absence. The heroine is a dazzlingly beautiful and very rich dancer, who is worshipped by all the men and suspected by all the women. But she proves her integrity, as well as her powers of allurements and intrigue, by frustrating the elopement of a faithless lover and restoring him to the arms of his betrothed, who has undertaken an Arctic journey to rejoin him. The incidents of Arctic life are portrayed with unmistakable veracity, and the humors and mystifications of a masked ball, under frontier conditions, are set forth with freshness and vivacity. In the last act there is a touch of the wild which is, perhaps, a trifle too realistic, but the piece, as a whole, is decidedly entertaining, and contains some well drawn sketches of character. A skilled dramatist probably could put it into proper shape for the theatre without much difficulty, and the novelty of it might make the experiment worth trying.

Eugène Linthilhac publishes in Paris the second volume of his giant "Histoire générale du Théâtre en France." The first reached from the Middle Ages to Corneille; The author now follows out one single evolutionary type—comedy—without reference to the other types, which upsets chronology for philosophical history. Émile Faguet has issued a third volume of his "Propos de Théâtre," all the way from Sophocles and Shakspeare to Gorky.

Music.

THE OPERA IN NEW YORK.

Oscar Hammerstein's new Manhattan Opera House was opened on Monday night with a performance of Bellini's "I Puritani," which was heard by an extremely enthusiastic audience of over 3,000 persons. The enthusiasm was not over the opera itself, which is antiquated and has nearly everywhere disappeared from the repertory (its last performance in New York was twenty-three years ago), but over the singers. This was not a new phenomenon, for from the very beginning (1835) Bellini's opera depended largely for its success on the art of the great quartet who sang it—Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache. Mr. Hammerstein was not able to duplicate that cast, but he did the best he could by presenting Mme. Pinkert, and Bonci, Ancona, and Arimondi in the four leading parts. Mme. Pinkert evinced great skill as a coloratura singer in "Son vergin vezzosa" and other numbers that are adorned with *floriture*; in the simple songs her voice was unsteady, and not always true to pitch. Bonci was probably not at his best; his voice lacks the body and the

luscious quality of Caruso's, and it is not free from an unpleasant vibrato; but the use he makes of it stamps him as an artist of the highest type. Ancona has improved since he was last here, and Arimondi also sang well, barring an occasional deviation from the pitch. The acoustic qualities of the new theatre proved to be excellent for the singers as well as the orchestra. The appearance of the house is attractive. The nearness of the stage to most of the spectators is the best feature of the auditorium—one sadly missed in most opera houses.

The second evening of the season at the Metropolitan (last week Wednesday) was devoted to an opera which depends for its success more on its interpreters than on its inherent charms—Puccini's "La Bohème." It was sung by a cast including Mme. Sembrich, whose voice seems to have the secret of eternal youth, and Caruso, who sang beautifully. For "Hänsel and Gretel" there was a new Hänsel, Miss Mattfeld, who proved even better than her predecessor. "Tannhäuser," on Friday night, brought forward two new singers from Germany: Frau Fleischer-Edel essayed the part of Elizabeth; she proved to be one of many Teutonic artists who sing in tune and effectively as long as they can indulge in forte and fortissimo; but the soft, pathetic prayer of the third act was marred by her persistent wandering from the key, her flickering tone, her dragging, her utter lack of a legato style. A much better singer is Burrian, the pride of Dresden. Tannhäuser is perhaps the most difficult of all tenor rôles; but he sang it with a wealth of voice, an ease of phrasing, an endurance, that were little short of wonderful. His voice lacks the *Schmelz*—the sensuous beauty—of Knote's, and what he will have to learn here particularly is the art of singing softly. As a vocal spendthrift he reminds one of the prodigal Tamagno. Concerning Monday's performance of "Marta" the most noteworthy thing is that the house was crowded, notwithstanding the counter-attraction of the Hammerstein first-night.

Fifty Shakspeare Songs. Edited by Charles Vincent. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. \$1.50.

Early Italian Piano Music. Edited by M. Esposito. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. \$1.50.

Amateurs are becoming more and more eager to read something about the music they hear. A century ago there were few musical periodicals, and the daily newspaper rarely paid any attention to happenings in the musical world. To-day there are few general periodicals that do not discuss the subject; and what is more, it is becoming customary to print collections of songs or instrumental pieces with literary introductions and notes, biographic, elucidatory, and critical. Of this custom a noteworthy illustration is the Musicians' Library of the Oliver Ditson Co., which was started a few years ago with a view of presenting the world's best music in beautifully printed volumes, edited by specialists, and containing ample information about the composers and their works. Twenty-two volumes have so far been issued, comprising the best works of Handel, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Brahms, Wagner, and others. In most of these volumes the highest standard has been maintained; the selections have been made judiciously, and in the im-

portant matter of translations of songs the Musicians' Library excels any other collection with which we are acquainted.

The latest additions are "Fifty Shakspeare Songs," edited by Charles Vincent, and "Early Italian Piano Music," edited by M. Esposito. The latter volume will prove a pleasant surprise to those who labor under the impression that all Italian music is operatic. It is true that modern Italy has produced no great pianoforte composer or player; but in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there was a group of writers for the piano, headed by the two Scarlattis, whose pieces come to our ears almost as novelties; some of them are as far from being antiquated as Bach's, which they resemble. In Mr. Vincent's volume there is also an antique division, comprising songs mentioned by Shakspeare in his plays and songs possibly sung in the original performances. A third section comprises songs to Shaksperian texts composed since Shakspeare's time; and the final section brings us up to date, with songs by Sullivan, Parry, William Arms Fisher, Harvey Worthington Loomis, Coleridge-Taylor, and others. As the earlier songs mostly exist as melodies only, the editor has supplied them with appropriate accompaniments, in the spirit of their time. In the second period we find such names as Haydn, who wrote a setting of "She never told her love"; Rossini, who wrote for his "Otello" a setting of "The Willow Song"; and Schubert, whose "Hark, hark, the Lark" and "Sylvia," as a matter of course, crown the whole.

A new choral work from France—"The Children's Crusade"—was produced on Tuesday evening at the first concert of the New York Oratorio Society's thirty-fourth season. It is based on a poem by Marcel Schwob, and the music is by Gabriel Pierné, to whom the city of Paris awarded a special prize for this work in 1904. The cantata—or "musical legend," as the composer calls it—is divided into four parts. In the first we are told how the children escape from the arms of their distracted mothers to set forth for Jerusalem, under the leadership of the blind Alain; in the second, we see them on a highway marching like pilgrims; in the third they have arrived at the shore of the Mediterranean at Genoa, knowing that Jerusalem lies at the end of this sea, and believing that the sea will divide itself to let them march thither; in the fourth, they are on board ship in a terrific storm and perish. This is certainly a good subject for musical illustration. The composer has succeeded in reproducing in his score the atmosphere of the several scenes; he has introduced plenty of fine effects of euphony in both the orchestral and choral parts, which are also admirably constructed. The fatal defect is a lack of original melody. The maudering *arioso* which takes its place soon becomes wearisome. The performance under Frank Damrosch was marked by precision and animation.

Mme. Nordica will give her only New York concert this season on January 8 at Carnegie Hall, assisted by the entire Philharmonic Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Safonoff. She will sing Beethoven's "Ah, Perfido," the "Love-Death" from "Tristan and Isolde," and an aria from

the "Götterdämmerung" with orchestra, and a group of songs with piano accompaniment. The orchestral numbers for this concert are Bizet's Overture "Patrie," and the fantasie "Romeo" by Tchaikovsky. Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and Brahms at her last song recital here this winter, which she will give in Carnegie Hall on Sunday afternoon, December 9. In the Brahms group she will include his Six Hungarian Gypsy Songs, which have not been heard here in recent years; Schubert will be represented by four songs, including "Die Allmacht." Other well-known songs on her programme are: "Ich grolle nicht" and "Frühlingsfahrt," by Schumann, and "Im Herbst" and "Gute Nacht," by Franz.

A new and fairly interesting collection of letters by Richard Wagner, entitled "Familienbriefe," is published by A. Duncker, in Berlin. As the title indicates, they were written to members of his family, especially to his mother, sisters, and first wife, and furnish valuable contributions to his biography as well as faithful and mostly favorable revelations of his character. Particularly praiseworthy is his ardent devotion to his aged mother and his fine appreciation of his indebtedness to her. A vivid picture is also given of his persistent efforts to attain his ideals, and his struggles against opposition and actual destitution, as in Paris. In 1852 he writes from Zurich, where he found refuge as an exile after having been forced to flee from Saxony for taking part in the revolution of 1848: "I shall never return to Germany even if I should be pardoned a hundred times." Notwithstanding this resolution, we find him a few years later in Karlsruhe. About thirty years ago a Viennese feuilletonist, Daniel Spitzer, acquired at an auction sale a package of letters written by Richard Wagner to a dressmaker. He printed some of them in the *Neue Freie Presse*, with caustic comments. These letters have now been issued complete in a brochure by the Viennese publisher, Ernest Stülpnagel. They illustrate what was certainly the greatest of Wagner's eccentricities—his fantastic love of silk, velvet, and laces for garments and furniture.

Art.

EXCAVATIONS AT PERGAMON AND ELSEWHERE.

The excavations which the German Archaeological Institute undertakes every autumn at Pergamon, are being carried on as usual under the direction of A. Couze and W. Dörpfeld. Some of the finds will help to fill gaps in our present knowledge of the history of Pergamon. The work is going on at four different points. The greater part of the laborers are clearing the largest gymnasium of the city. This will be the third building of the kind discovered at Pergamon. The two already known, situated on the south slope of the hill, were used by boys and youths for physical exercise. The newly found building, by far the most magnificent of the three, was devoted to the exclusive use of grown men. Of its many spacious halls, the most inter-

esting is in the form of a Greek theatre, employed probably as an auditorium. Many pieces of sculpture which once adorned this gymnasium have come to light, but, unfortunately, in a rather mutilated condition. Herakles, the presiding deity of athletes, is honored with a number of statues.

Another task is the opening of several artificial mounds in the plain of Pergamon. The largest and most important is the Jigma Tepé, probably the burial place of the Kings of Pergamon. This, as far as can be determined at present, has never before been opened, so that presumably it still contains its original treasure. Whether the excavators will be able this season to penetrate to the inner part of the mound, which is 50 metres high, seems doubtful. But a number of smaller mounds in this neighborhood have already been opened. In one was found a large stone sarcophagus. The man buried in it must have been a distinguished personage, as is shown by the two swords found at his side, and the beautiful gold wreath that once adorned his head. The wreath, made of gold ivy-leaves with a dainty little Eros hovering among them, is a work of the second century B. C. It will form one of the chief ornaments of the Museum at Constantinople.

A third group of men is busy with the remains of the bridge which once spanned the river Selinus. Already it has been ascertained that three arches of great size were used in this bridge. The myth that the arch is the invention of the Romans is still widely spread; it is of great interest, therefore, to find that at Pergamon this construction was used in various forms in the second century B. C., when Pergamon was still untouched by Roman influence.

Mr. Grüber, an architect, is investigating the remains of the ancient aqueducts. He has devoted much study to this subject, and he hopes this season to finish his researches. The number of aqueducts at Pergamon is astonishingly large, and some are of extremely interesting construction. Smaller excavations are being made to investigate the extent of the royal palaces which once crowned the summit of the citadel.

The progress made is considerable, but it will probably be many years before the citadel is all cleared; Then will come the task of laying bare the magnificent ruins of the lower town, where little has as yet been accomplished.

The new director-general of the Department of Antiquities in Italy, Dr. Corrado Ricci, is to push the excavations in Pompeii, which were interrupted more than ten years ago because the excavators had reached privately owned land. Dr. Ricci has set aside 38,000 lire for the purchase of such land.

Objects of considerable archaeological value, consisting of a number of bas-reliefs, have been discovered at Yozghat in Asia Minor, in the course of excavations undertaken under the surveillance of Macridi Bey, of the Imperial Ottoman Museum at Constantinople, and Dr. Hugo Winkler of the University of Berlin. These reliefs, with their inscriptions, are said to throw light on the civilization of ancient Babylon.

English Colored Books. By Martin Hardie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.75.

This volume, one of the "Connoisseur's

Library," under the general editorial supervision of Cyril Davenport, is likely to prove of permanent value to the collector of those interesting books with colored plates, which were produced in such profusion in England during the first half of the nineteenth century, as well as to the general reader or student who wishes to know something of the various processes of printing in colors, their development, and their final results, the finished prints. Although the volume is largely devoted to English books with colored plates, it covers, in fact, the whole period from the first book containing printing in two colors down to the modern "three-color" process, which has made possible the production of cheap colored illustrations. The new art, as shown in the many books with colored illustrations produced within the last five or six years, is indeed marvellous; but the modern three-color reproductions, such as those in this book, when compared with the original plates as sent out nearly a century ago by Ackermann from his "Repository of Arts," fail in every point except cheapness.

Very early in the development of printing, large initials, cut on wood blocks, were printed with red and blue ink in the spaces left for them. Probably the sheets were not again put under the press, but the wood block was struck with a mallet. The earliest color printing produced in England, so far as can now be ascertained, is found in that production of an unknown author and unidentified printer, the first edition of "The Book of St. Albans," 1486. The volume contains 117 coats-of-arms from wood-blocks in blue, red, yellow, and olive green, with other tints added by hand. The coloring by hand of book illustrations, whether impressions from wood blocks or copper plates, either by professional illuminators or by owners of the books themselves, began with the publication of books with illustrations. The "Nuremberg Chronicle," 1493, sold unbound and uncolored for two Rhenish florins, bound and colored for six. In the eighteenth century were printed such works as Albin's "Natural History of English Insects," Mark Catesby's "Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands," Edwards's "Natural History of Uncommon Birds," with line engravings colored by hand.

The method of a separate block for each color was applied to the printing of separate plates and to wall-paper, but seems not to have been used in book-illustration in England until 1754, when John Baptist Jackson, himself a wall-paper manufacturer, published an "Essay on the Invention of Engraving and Printing in Chiaro Oscuro." Another advance in printing from wood blocks was made by William Savage, whose "Practical Hints on Decorative Printing," 1822, contains illustrations printed from as many as fourteen blocks. In 1835 George Baxter patented a process of first printing the entire picture from a plate engraved on copper, steel, or zinc, or from a lithographic stone, and supplying the color from separate wood blocks, sometimes as many as thirty. With Baxter's work, color-printing from wood blocks reached its highest development.

Simultaneously with the development through 300 years of printing from blocks, where the surface is in relief, there was similar development of printing from metal plates, where the ink is deposited in lines cut into the metal. This method, which is little used in book-illustration, but which produced the magnificent prints of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, is closely allied to hand-coloring. It consists in painting upon the plate itself the separate colors, which are transferred by pressure to the paper, giving a finished print for each impression. A second method, allied to that of printing from wood blocks, consisted of the preparation of several plates, each for a single color. These plates could be inked rapidly and wiped off by a mere apprentice, whereas extreme care, if not artistic ability, was required in painting the several colors upon a single plate.

As foreshadowing the modern three-color process, there is the work of Jacob Christoph Le Blon, a German by birth, who came to London in 1719. In that year he secured a patent for a "New Method of Multiplying of Pictures and Draughts." He endeavored to distinguish in the painting he wished to copy the primary colors red, yellow, and blue, and then engrave three plates, and superimpose these colors. His only book with colored plates was an explanation of his method: "Colorito. L'harmonie du coloris dans la peinture, reduite en pratique mécanique" (London, 1722). Besides the illustrations in this book, he reproduced some fifty large prints which are among the wonders of color-printing. The "golden age" of color printing was the last half of the eighteenth century, when Earlom, J. R. Smith, and the other great mezzotinters and engravers in stipple were producing those magnificent prints which are so attractive to the collector of to-day. But colored mezzotints and stipple engravings were little used as book illustrations, for their preparation was too expensive; and the plates of soft metal allowed only a few impressions.

The book before us deals primarily with English books with colored illustrations, which reached their perfection in books published by Ackermann, McLean, Boydell, and others from 1800 to 1830. In these books the plates are aquatints, from etched copper plates in one or two tints and colored by hand. Ackermann's publications may be divided into three classes, architecture and famous buildings, costume and scenery, and books with humorous plates, the latter by Thomas Rowlandson. As Rowlandson's humorous plates and Pugin's on architecture have helped to make Ackermann famous, so the books published by McLean are sought for on account of the plates of sporting subjects from drawings by Henry Alken. Some of these publications have become exceedingly scarce and costly. William Blake, unique in his genius, as in his process of reproducing his own drawings from copper plates etched in relief, deserves a book to himself rather than the chapter to which Mr. Hardie's notes are confined. Other chapters on George and Robert Cruikshank, John Leech, W. M. Thackeray, Randolph Caldecott and other modern illustrators bring the account down to our own day and "process" plates. A last chapter is devoted to the collecting

of colored books, catalogues, and prices. An appendix contains lists of plates printed by Baxter, books published by Ackermann, and books with colored plates by Rowlandson and by Alken.

The book, as a whole, is admirable. Nothing has been heretofore published covering the field as it does. The story of the development of the art is interesting and non-technical; the books described most fully in each class are typical and the reproductions of the plates, necessarily on coated paper, are as good as could be expected from the process used.

The thirteenth annual architectural exhibition of the T Square Club, held under the auspices and in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, is open through the month of December. The exhibition includes many of the drawings submitted in the recent competition for the Peace Palace of The Hague; the Shelby Court House, by Hale & Rogers; the Wisconsin State Capitol and the National Theatre in New York, by Peabody & Stearns; the Washington National Museum, by Hornblower & Marshall; the New York terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad, by McKim, Mead & White; some of Henry Hornbostle's drawings of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh; ecclesiastical work of Cram, Goodhue & Furgerson; and D. H. Burnham & Co.'s original sketches for the beautifying of San Francisco. There are also photographs of executed work, and drawings in color for work executed or in the course of construction. A whole room is devoted to French architects. M. Chedanne, architect to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, shows his remarkable drawings made in connection with his study of the Pantheon at Rome, and drawings of the restoration of a Roman temple, of the decorations of a Roman house, and of his Champs Elysées Hotel in Paris. M. Duquesne shows drawings of two Italian municipal palaces; M. Lapeyrer, five drawings of his scheme for a great entrance boulevard to the city of Bordeaux. The large hall at the Academy is filled with the exhibits of the National Society of Mural Painters. Among the exhibitors are John La Farge, E. H. Blashfield, William B. Van Ingen, and Karl Newmann. The central rotunda and the gallery adjoining contain the exhibit of the National Sculpture Society, with four groups from the New York Custom House by Daniel C. French, and a model of the doorway of the chapel at Annapolis by Ernest Flagg.

The fifth annual exhibition of arts and crafts and the eleventh annual exhibition of the Society of Western Artists open today at the Art Institute of Chicago.

The municipality of Barcelona will hold an international art exhibition from April 23 to July 15. The exhibition will comprise fine arts and art crafts generally.

Four pictures by Domenico Theotocopuli, often known as "El Greco," in the chapel of San José at Toledo, have been sold to Goupil of Paris. The transaction has excited such comment that the authorities of the Spanish Government have forbidden the shipment of the pictures until a searching examination has been made into the right to sell them.

Science.

Bacteria in Relation to Plant Diseases. By Erwin F. Smith, United States Department of Agriculture. Vol. I.: Methods of Work and General Literature of Bacteriology, exclusive of Plant Diseases. Washington, D. C.: Published by the Carnegie Institution.

The most striking feature in the recent development of the so-called natural and physical sciences is the rapidity with which new fields of research are being opened to investigation along the hitherto neglected or uncultivated boundaries between the sciences. For instance, between the vast domains of chemistry and physics, there is a borderland which was occasionally invaded by chemists on the one side and by physicists on the other, who brought away very interesting but generally uncoordinated results. Until lately, few students dared to call themselves chemical physicists or physical chemists, but now the territory is fairly well filled with them. These special explorers have not only found a field worth careful investigation, but they are compelling the re-investigation of the older adjoining fields. Thus the physiology which does not take into account these later researches is hopelessly out of date.

There is a debatable land between plants and animals, inhabited by microscopic organisms, many of which are of such doubtful character that the most successful as well as the boldest student who has investigated them, preferred to call them *microbes*, that is, little living things, and thus let their place in systems of classification look out for itself. This territory between the two biological sciences was formerly a favorite hunting-ground for amateur microscopists, but as many of these investigators were imperfectly equipped for their work, the results were received with more or less caution. Even the best of these early explorers did not have at command lenses and methods which could secure success. When, however, the newer lenses and more telling methods became known, exploration followed exploration surprisingly fast, and with startling results. It soon became evident that the new territory must be divided and subdivided between investigators. Some of these were more zealous than wise, and published results which it was almost impossible, offhand, either wholly to confirm or absolutely to reject. The literature grew too quickly to be assimilated by those for whom it was intended, and there were needless repetitions, often made more useless by confusion in terminology. The objects under investigation were difficult to describe in fixed terms, and there was no general consensus as to the application of technical words, so that it was often impossible to discriminate between the true and the misleading. It was in the part of the field devoted to the diseases of animals and plants that the greatest confusion existed, but this confusion was measurably disregarded on account of the beneficent nature of some of the results of the study. Our readers have been made fully aware of the triumphs in certain parts of this sub-

ject, especially the treatment of a few diseases of man; but it is questionable whether the successes in plant pathology and therapeutics have been as widely known.

Obviously it was an imperative duty of the departments of agriculture in different countries to foster these lines of investigation, and this duty has been well performed. The United States Department of Agriculture has given much attention to the subject, and the experiment stations throughout the land have made this work one of the more important features of their activity.

The author of the present volume has been one of the most assiduous in this comparatively new field. In his responsible position in Washington in charge of the laboratory of plant pathology and with a wide correspondence, he has seen that numerous students in our country are not provided with all proper appliances and are not versed in the best methods. To aid them in a substantial way, he has prepared with great care and with minute attention to detail a treatise on the right use of the necessary appliances—all of which is an essential introduction to his main subject—to be presented subsequently, namely, the diseases of plants. At first sight, the present volume would seem to many to be altogether too full of minute detail. But it must be remembered that many students whom Professor Smith had in mind do not have access to properly balanced handbooks. A large number of textbooks take a great deal for granted; Professor Smith has preferred to take nothing for granted. If this be an error, it is a useful one.

To those who care for amateur study of microscopic objects, Professor Smith's treatise affords ample advice. When we remember that the present methods of staining cells and their contents have grown out of the much-derided pastime of former amateurs who wished only to make pretty specimens, and that many of the greatest advances in modern photography have been the result of the lavish expenditure of time and money by amateurs, we can welcome Professor Smith's book, not only for its serviceableness to professional workers, but for the possible good to science which may come through its hints and advice for those who are less systematically trained.

Handbook of Polar Discoveries. By Gen. A. W. Greely. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

This work of timely interest is an expansion of a publication which has done many years' service with those who follow the progress of exploration in the polar tracts. In the 325 pages of text the reader is presented, as the preface informs him, with results obtained from "more than 70,000 pages of original narrative"; and the facts, it can be readily seen, have been obtained in most cases through a conscientious appeal to first-hand authority. Gen. Greely's high standing as an Arctic authority insures reliability, at the same time that it gives special value to his personal estimate of the accomplishments of different explorers. The book follows, instead of the strictly chronological plan of most polar summaries, the topical method. While this necessitates a certain amount

of repetition, it gives on the whole a clearer picture of the geographical relations involved in researches extending through three hundred and fifty years. Of the twenty-three chapters five are devoted to the Antarctic tract. The material of this section is classified on the "quadrant system" suggested by Dr. F. A. Cook: the American, Pacific, African, and Australian quadrants. The book is brought down to include the making of the Northwest Passage by Amundsen; but, unfortunately, it was out of the press before intelligence was received of the latest and most brilliant achievement in Arctic exploration, the 1906 journey of Peary.

In the unusually large number of data with which the book deals, the author could hardly avoid occasional slips, and it would be doing scant justice to this useful publication to lay emphasis upon minor defects. We may, however, point to a few of the more serious misstatements or misprints, some of which have crept in as the result of imperfect revision of the earlier text. Thus, we have the statement on p. 220, that the America, the vessel of the late Fiala expedition, in reaching 82° 04' N., equalled "the highest record for a ship under steam in the Western Hemisphere" (see p. 202: Polaris, 1870, 82° 11' N., etc.); on p. 231, that Low Point, 83° 07' N., attained by Lockwood and Brainard (of the Greely expedition), was in equal latitude "with the highest-known land" (see p. 259: Peary, 83° 39'—Cape Morris Jesup); on p. 247, that Koldewey and Payer (in 1870), lat. 77° 01' N., reached "the highest point ever attained by explorers of the east coast [of Greenland]," overlooking the fact, properly stated on p. 260, that the Duke of Orleans, in 1905, attained the position of lat. 78° 16' on the same coast. A glaring misstatement (p. 231) is that Lockwood Island (83° 24') is "the highest north, then or now." It is much to be regretted that no really good map accompanies the text. Most of the maps that are scattered through the volume are rendered all but valueless, because they are much reduced in size and are out of date.

The conclusive proof that helium is produced from radium salts is explained in recent technical journals by Sir William Crookes. The experiment was performed in the usual shaped vacuum tube, constricted in the middle and enlarged at each end, through which a wire, ending in a loop, was fused. A radium salt was fused into the loops and the air exhausted from the tube. An examination of the contents of the tube by means of a spectroscope showed that there was no helium present. After the tube had stood from March until June, however, the passage of the current showed the presence of a vapor which gave the distinct spectroscopic test for helium. As the test was done in a vacuum, entire discredit is thrown upon the idea that helium is not given off from radium salts, but that radium salts "sort out" the helium from the atmosphere.

Major Ronald Ross, professor of tropical medicine in the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine and at the University of Liverpool, recently gave an account before the Oxford Medical Society of his investigations in Greece. These were undertaken in Boeotia for the Lake Kopais

Company, on whose estates malaria has been terribly prevalent. Major Ross's local figures are only, as he discovered by recourse to the Grecian Anti-Malaria League, a specific instance of general conditions. Out of a population estimated at 2,433,806 the average annual number of cases is probably 250,000, resulting in about 1,760 deaths. He found that owing to the disease many children suffer from enlargement of the spleen; and that adults, partly immunized though they are, lose in vigor because of unhealthy childhood.

The statistical publications of the German Empire show that the great increase in the population of the country, amounting to almost 900,000 per annum, is owing chiefly to the large birth rate in the country districts, and, secondly, to the decrease in the death rate in the big cities. The absolute increase in the population of the Empire would be materially larger if the birth rate in the centres of population were not less than the average. In 1904 the average birth rate for the whole country was 35.2 per thousand, but in the cities it was not quite 30 per thousand.

Two nature books of life in California are to be published this month by Paul Elder & Co. One is "Bird Notes Afield," by Charles Keeler; the other is "The Garden Book of California," by Belle Sumner Angier.

Finance.

A BREAK IN THE "CURB MARKET."

During nearly three months Wall Street has indulged in daily excitement over the furious rise in stocks on the "curb"; at the close of last week it had a little experience in the other side of the game. The focus of interest was a group of mining shares; they went up and came down with the more violence, for the very reason that nobody knew what any of them was worth. As an incident in speculation, the affair would have possessed no broader interest than an evening party at a faro table, but for the fact that the large paper profits, so easily won, completely turned the heads of the speculative community. This result was all the more natural, because speculative appetite, on the part of the general public, was unsated, and because the enforced pause in Stock Exchange and real estate speculation, as a result of money stringency, left "the curb" the only available place to gratify the passion. Even the horse-races had ended for the season. As a consequence, not only at New York, but in Pittsburgh, Chicago, Boston, and many Canadian cities, the speculation in mines raged unchecked. At New York it actually diverted so much patronage from regular Stock Exchange houses that credit balances of customers were drawn down, new faces began to appear on the fringe of the "curb market," and respectable banking houses, tired of doing nothing on orders for the Stock Exchange, made preparations to participate on a large scale, for themselves and their clients, in the gamble on the curb.

What is "the curb"? The phrase has long been familiar in Stock Exchange vernacular. It means, first, as the word indi-

cates, a market conducted without a roof over its head, as against the dignified seclusion of "regular" brokers within the four walls of their own exchange. At London the "curb trading" is conducted in Throgmorton Street, behind the Capel Court entrance to the Stock Exchange; it begins when the Exchange has closed. When "Americans" are in active speculation, and when the climax of activity of New York occurs, say at 2 P. M., which is 7 P. M. in London, one may see the "curb market" in full swing in the darkness and fog of England's late winter afternoon, with buyer and seller barely able to make out each other's faces. At Paris, the *coulisse*—which name, properly used of the side wings of a theatrical stage, is characteristically applied to the "curb"—does its business on the portico of the Bourse, and, as in London, it deals in stocks which are also sold on the real exchange.

In New York, the "curb" is a genuine sidewalk stock exchange; rain or shine, its specialists stand on the Broad Street asphalt, roped in by the police, and sheltered in stormy weather only by a solid mass of umbrellas. But unlike the European "curb markets," it deals only in stocks not formally "listed" on the Stock Exchange. It buys and sells shares which promoters will not submit to the scrutiny of Stock Exchange authorities, or which those authorities refuse to admit to trading. Standard Oil stock belongs to the first-named class; a host of raw industrial or mining projects belong to that last mentioned. Into this curb market came the numerous "mining propositions" of our own far West and, recently, of Canada.

The fillip to the upward movement and to the general craze was given this season by the Nipissing Mine, a Canadian property yielding cobalt and silver. In the course of a few weeks, at the beginning of this autumn, shares of this stock rose from the neighborhood of \$5 per share to \$34, an advance of nearly 600 per cent. Along with Nipissing, other mining stocks rose 50 to 100 per cent.; every one on the curb was making money. No one knew anything at first hand about the value or earning capacity of these properties; speculation was merely fed on promises. But the case of Nipissing was peculiar, in that a New York mining house of high standing was negotiating to buy control, and at length announced, a few weeks ago, that it had signed a contract to take a large holding at \$25 per share. Estimates of respectable mining engineers, published along with this announcement, indicated much greater value than the "option price"; hence the willingness of the curb to pay \$9 per share more than the Messrs. Guggenheim contracted for. The inference was drawn that in any case, the stock could not fall below the contract price of \$25.

Even on the curb, appearances are deceitful. Last week the stock broke heavily; on Saturday, it actually went below 20. After the close of business, the explanation came. Something was the matter with the title to the mine; the Guggenheims had withdrawn from their contract, and declined to have anything further to do with the property. The stock has since been down to \$14.50 and with it, the price of other "mine specialties" crumbled. If Nipissing could lose 60 per cent. of its

value in a fortnight, what was to be said of the rest? From the Stock Exchange point of view, a "panic on the curb" is a tempest in a tea-pot; but the losses are quite as real as in a "Northern Pacific panic," and, measured by percentages, they were considerably heavier. Most people, too, would be surprised to know how widely such losses fall in the community at large.

The rather obvious and exceedingly trite moral is, that the investor or the speculator will do well to know something about the stock in which he trades. When he buys because his friend or his broker "gives him a tip," he is relying on advisers who probably know no more about the thing than he. When he follows the purchases of an "inside capitalist," he is very likely to be helping to make the market on which the astute "insider" can sell out. But the human mind is such that the simple outsider—the "tenderfoot" of Wall Street—always expects to sell out his own stock on the "inside manipulator," and at the top price of the market.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, John Coleman. An Honorable Youth. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.
Barker, E. The Political Thought of Plato and Aristotle. Putnam.
Blackmore's Lorna Doone. Edited by W. P. Trent and W. T. Brewster. Boston: Ginn & Co. 65 cents.
Bölsche, Wilhelm. Haeckel: His Life and Work. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co.
Bottomore, Margaret. The King's Daughters' Year Book. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Brine, Mary D. Daisy Dear.—Grandmother and Christmas Eve. Dutton. 50 cents.
Campbell, Donald Francis. A Short Course on Differential Equations. Macmillan Co. 90 cents.
Cautley, C. Holmes. The Millmaster. Longmans. \$1.50.
Christmas Songs and Carols. Dutton. 50 cents.

Christmastide in Prose and Poetry. Dutton. \$1.
Clark, Victor S. The Labour Movement in Australasia. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50 net.
Cowper, William. John Gilpin. Dutton. 50 cents.
Crawford, T. C. A Real Mahatma. London: Luzac & Co.
Crosby, Ernest. Golden Rule Jones, Mayor of Toledo. Chicago: Public Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Crozier, John Beattie. The Wheel of Wealth. Longmans. \$4.60.
Davis, R. H. Real Soldiers of Fortune. Scribners. \$1.50 net.
Derr, Louis. Photography for Students of Physics and Chemistry. Macmillan Co.
Diary of a Forty-Niner. Edited by Chauncey L. Canfield. Morgan Shepard Co. \$1.25 net.
Dutton's Holiday Annual. Dutton. \$1.25.
Fallaw, Lance. Silverleaf and Oak. Macmillan Co.
Flala, Anthony. Fighting the Polar Ice. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$3.80 net.
Garvie, Alfred E. A Guide to Preachers. A. C. Armstrong & Son. \$1.50 net.
Gilman, Lawrence. The Music of To-morrow. John Lane Co.
Gonnard, R. L'Emigration Européenne. Paris: Armand Colin.
Grano, Margaret Collier. Gifts and Givers. Morgan Shepard Co.
Granger, A. D. Skat and How to Play It. Buffalo: The Matthews-Northrup Works. \$1.
Griggs, William. Odds and Ends from Pagoda Land. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 90 cents net.
Gruyer, Paul. Napoleon, King of Elba. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Hauill, Katharine Forest. Rhymes for Wee Sweethearts. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Haskell, Mrs. L. The Sweet Story of Old Dutton. 50 cents.
Henty, G. A., and others. In Storyland. Dutton. \$1.50.
Huntington, Helen. The Days that Pass. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.
Ibsen's Complete Works. The translation revised and edited by William Archer. Four volumes now ready. Scribners. \$1 each.
James, George Wharton. The Wonders of the Colorado Desert. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$5 net.
Jenks, Tudor. A Magician for One Day.—The Rescue of the Syndicate. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Jewett, Frances Gullick. Good Health. Boston: Ginn & Co. 40 cents.
Jewett, John Howard. Baby Finger Play and Stories. Dutton. 50 cents.
Johnson, Edith Henry. The Argument of Aristotle's Metaphysics. Lemcke & Buechner. Juval's Satires. Edited by F. A. Cole. Putnam. \$1 net.
King Philip's War. Edited by George W. Ellis and John E. Morris. Grafton Press. \$2 net.
Lang, Andrew. Homer and His Friends. Longmans. \$3.50 net.
Lenotre, G. The Flight of Marie Antoinette. Translated by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Johnson, Philander Chase. Senator Sorghum's Primer of Politics. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Longfellow's Courtship of Miles Standish. Dutton. \$1.50.
Longfellow's Songs and Sonnets. Dutton. 50 cents.
Macdonald, Frederick. Jean Jacques Rousseau. 2 vols. Putnam. \$6.50.
Mackaye, Percy. Jeanne D'Arc. Macmillan Co.
Manning, Anne. The Household of Sir Thomas More. Dutton. \$2.
Mason, Daniel Gregory. The Romantic Composers. Macmillan Co. \$1.75 net.
Merriman, Charles Eustace. Who's It in America. B. W. Dodge & Co.
Montgomery, Frances Trego. Billy Whiskers' Friends. Chicago: Western Book and Stationery Co.
Moore, N. Hudson. The Collector's Manual. F. A. Stokes Co. \$5 net.
Morgan, William Conger. Qualitative Analysis. Macmillan Co. \$1.90 net.
Muckenstrum, Louis. Louis' Salads and Chafing Dishes. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
My Little Dutch Book. Dutton. 50 cents.
My Little Red Indian Book. Dutton. 50 cents.
Old Ballads. Dutton. \$1.
Page, Thomas Nelson. Novels, Stories, Sketches, and Poems. 12 vols. Scribners. \$18.
Perry, D. H. The Golden Glory. Dutton. 50 cents.
Pfeiderer, Otto. Primitive Christianity. Translated by W. Montgomery. Vol. I. Putnam. \$3.
Pope, Alexander. The Rape of the Lock and Other Poems. Edited by T. M. Parrott. Boston: Ginn & Co. 30 cents.
Price, William Hyde. The English Patents of Monopoly. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Ramsay, W. M. Pauline and Other Studies. A. C. Armstrong & Son. \$3 net.
Roberts, Georgia, and Katharine Greenland. The Toy Village. Dutton. \$1.50.
Scott's Ivanhoe. Edited by W. D. Lewis. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cents.
Slattery, Charles Lewis. The Master of the World. Longmans. \$1.50 net.
Smith, C. Alphonso. Studies in English Syntax. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Songs of Faith and Hope. Dutton. 50 cents.
Spaulding, Samuel E. Business Organization. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
Stapfer, Paul. Etudes Sur Goethe. Paris: Armand Colin.
Studies in the History and Art of the Eastern Provinces of the Roman Empire. Edited by W. M. Ramsay. Aberdeen.
Symons, Arthur. The Pool of the World and Other Poems. John Lane Co.
Tacitus's Annals. Edited by C. D. Fisher. Oxford University Press.
Train, Arthur. The Prisoner at the Bar. Scribners. \$2 net.
Tynan, Katherine, and Charles Robinson. A Little Book of Courtesies. Dutton. 75 cents.
World's Classics: Campbell's Sophocles; Bacon's Advancement of Learning; Johnston's Lives of English Poets; Eliot's Silas Marner; Montaigne's Essays; Marcus Aurelius. Henry Frowde.

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